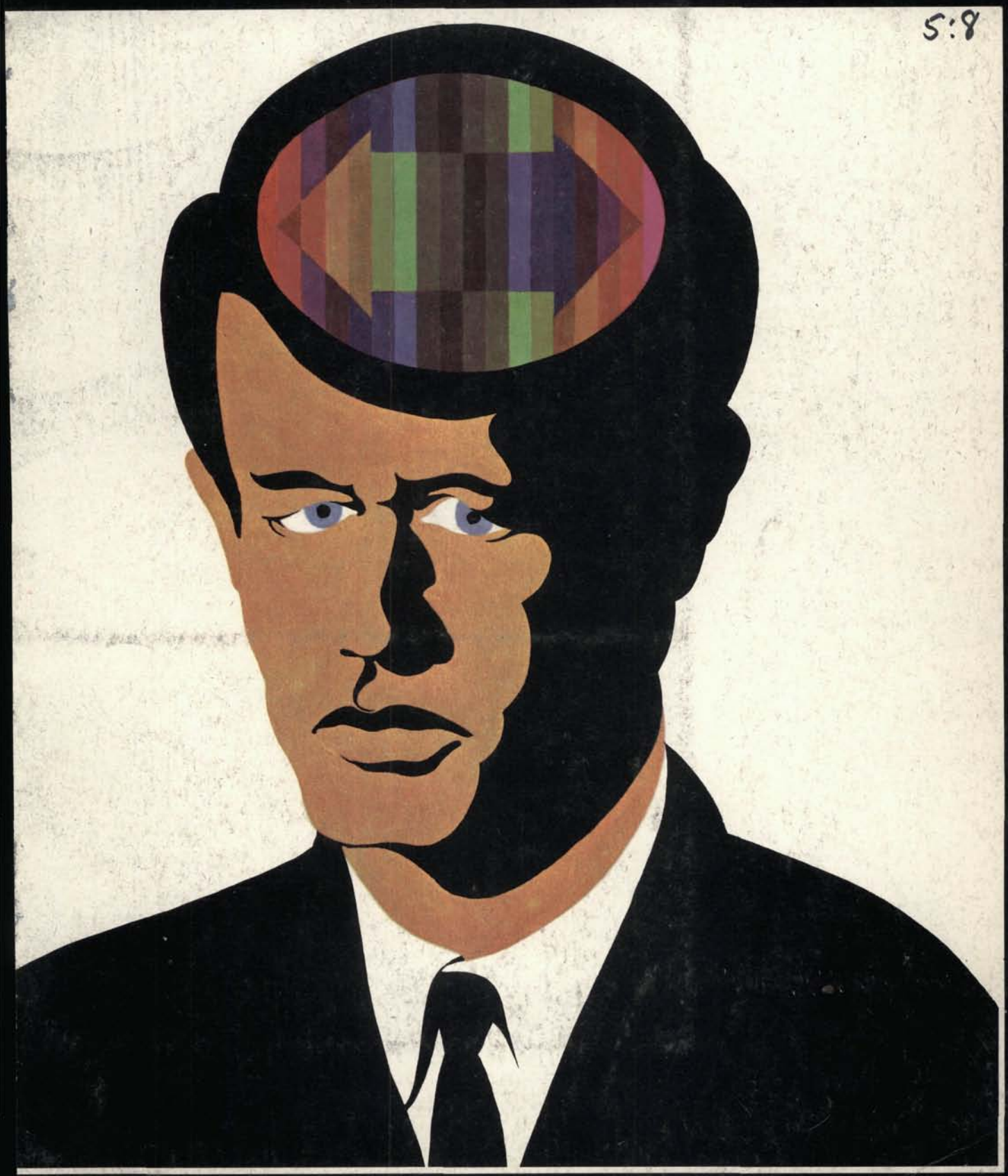
February 1967

Ramparts

Seventy-five Cents

5:8



Dugald Stermer

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

By purchasing this poster for $7.00 you will receive 52 issues of The Sunday Ramparts absolutely free.

The Sunday Ramparts

SAIGON CABLE: 'DEMOCRATIC ELECTIONS' WERE A FARCE

THE CREATION OF RONALD REAGAN

MRS. JOHNSON'S VISIT

Funny, it doesn't *look* safe.

A FEW MONTHS AGO we (the editors of Ramparts) were sitting in a bar discussing the sorry excuses we have in this country for metropolitan newspapers. Normally the result of such a conversation would have been an article for the magazine. This time, however, we were moved to more drastic measures; that is, to publish our own newspaper.

Although The Sunday Ramparts began as an experiment, it ultimately dragged us into the newspaper publishing business by our heels. Apparently others feel the same way about the general level of newspapers as we do.

This endeavor does provide us with a cure for one of the most frustrating aspects of producing a monthly; that of the time lag between issues. We are now able to provide our readers with greater immediacy by having correspondents from all over the country and the world contribute weekly and bi-monthly reports; some of these reporters include Julian Bond in the south, Jean Lacouture in Paris and Southeast Asia, and Paul Krassner in New York.

So—it is possible for you to receive The Sunday Ramparts by mail: every two weeks for now, but if the demand from our subscribers is sufficient we suppose that we shall have to go weekly. In any case, by filling out the device below, you are assured of receiving, in addition to the above poster (13″x19″) 52 issues of the newspaper.

THE SUNDAY RAMPARTS
301 Broadway
San Francisco, California 94133

GENTLEMEN: I understand that if I purchase the Sunday Ramparts poster for $7.00 I will also receive 52 issues of THE SUNDAY RAMPARTS absolutely free.

☐ Allright. ☐ Check enclosed. ☐ Bill me.
☐ Please keep it bi-weekly.
☐ Please make it a weekly; we can't wait.

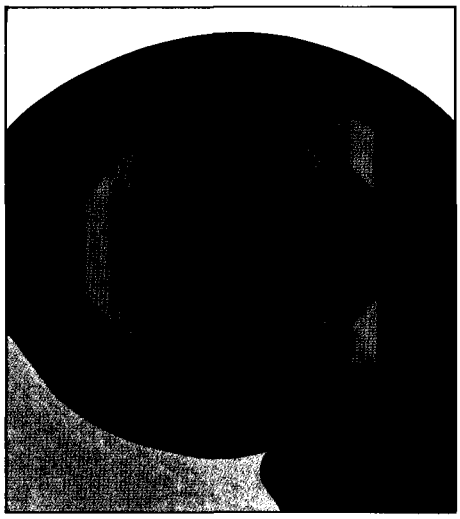
NAME_____

ADDRESS_____

CITY_____

STATE_____ DREADFUL ZIP_____

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



[Page 11] A Political Portrait

[Page 17] A Letter from Jail

[Page 26] Little Annie Fanny

[Page 31] The Intellectuals

Ramparts

VOLUME 5, NUMBER 8 FEBRUARY 1967

MARGINALIA 3

SOREL'S BESTIARY: The Swellfish 2

(*A separate Marginalia Index on page 3*)

ESSAYS

A POLITICAL PORTRAIT OF ROBERT KENNEDY 11
by Robert Scheer

A LETTER FROM JAIL

Preface 18
by David Welsh

The Letter 20
by Jack Ruby

AN OPEN LETTER TO YEVTUSHENKO 22
by Stephen Schneck

WHO'S AFRAID OF LITTLE ANNIE FANNY? 26
by Gene Marine

THE DEFENSE INTELLECTUALS 31
by Sol Stern

SAIGON (A.P.) (U.P.I.) ETC. 41

POETRY

FIVE POEMS 38
by Jorge Luis Borges

FICTION

IN N.Y., I ONLY SHOOT STRAIGHT 47
by Jacob Brackman

Apologia:

MAGAZINES WRITING about other magazines, in our opinion, is cannibalism and probably a mortal sin, at least. But our views may be old-fashioned because last month Time, of which no more need be said, printed in its usual objective style yet another story about RAMPARTS (the fourth or fifth such recent venting of the Luce spleen), and reporters from both Harper's and, of all things, Holiday came nosing around 301 Broadway to prepare stories for their magazines. Impressed by this onslaught, but not wishing to appear petty, we have dispatched News Editor Gene Marine to do a piece on the Saturday Evening Post.

Penn Jones Jr., the tough Texas editor whose editorials on the assassination appeared in November, had been saying for months that Jack Ruby was going to die, long before anyone knew he was sick. News Editor David Welsh went to Dallas just before Ruby expired, and came back with an unpublished letter, smuggled from jail, in which Ruby predicted his own death. It is perhaps the final irony of the assassination that this confused and Poe-like epistle, most of which is reproduced on page 20, is about all we have left to help us decipher Ruby's still uncertain role in this century's greatest domestic tragedy.

The Sunday Ramparts, our unplanned offspring, is a chip off the old regularity block. As a weekly newspaper it has managed to appear almost every other week so far, and if you dare to subscribe to it, also, you can by letting the Circulation Lady know your name and desires.

Senator Robert Kennedy has been characterized in this magazine as a hare (Sorel's Bestiary, August 1966), and a buck-toothed Golden Boy (December 1966). This month, Art Director Dugald Stermer saw Kennedy as a political weather vane. Robert Scheer's story begins on page 11, and all we can say to the senator is that at least we keep spelling his name right. W.H.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

SOREL'S BESTIARY NUMBER 9

Swellfish

(*libris vendor*)

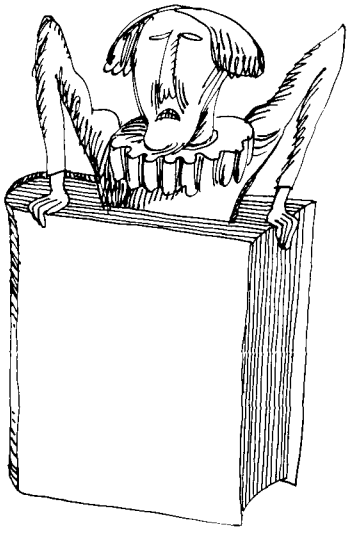
The Swellfish (or Madison Avenue Puffer as he is known to the critics) is known for his pronounced wit and gaiety. He can be found in the fashionable watering spots of the world —in the fountain by the *Plaza*, in the Breakfast Nook at Tiffany's, on Jacqueline Kennedy's reading list. The Swellfish is short in stature, and has a high-pitched voice, black and white balls, and a swishy tail. In spite of his seeming myopia, he is unfailingly attracted by the spotlight of publicity. This fish is highly prized at literary canneries for his product, the non-novel fiction. Naturalists are astounded at his memory, which is 99 and 44/100 per cent retentive. He floats. His Motto: And The Truth Shall Set You Up.

—LARRY JOSEPHSON

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Marginalia

EDITORIALS OPINION TRAVEL ETCETERA LETTERS



LETTERS: In Fact and Fantasy 3

EPHEMERA 6

SEX: Marriage on the Rocks 8
by Edward Galligan

PRISONS: The Muslims' Decline 10
by Eldridge Cleaver

THE HEMISPHERE: Cuba Has 31 Flavors 51
by Marshall Windmiller

SOCIETY: Charity at the Cheetah 54
by Paul Krassner

AUTOBIOGRAPHY:
Memoirs of a Southern Gentleman 55
Part II by Julian Bond

ART: The Chess Game is Rigged 56
by Susan Griffin-Levy

JFK's Assassination in Fact...

SIRS:

"The Case For Three Assassins" [RAMPARTS, January 1967] is an important contribution to the literature of criticism of the Warren Report. The data is well-organized and well-written and the documentation appears to be meticulous. Warm congratulations to David Lifton and David Welsh for their effective attack on the official "evidence" and conclusions, and especially for their analysis of the head shot. The article is a work of scholarship which is all the more forceful for its careful objectivity.

SYLVIA MEAGHER
New York City

SIRS:

I have never been satisfied with the findings of the Warren Commission but the more I read – Lane, Epstein, Sauvage, RAMPARTS – the more I wonder if it is not too late to unravel the tangled web.

Unless – it seems clear that the key to the whole puzzle is held by Jack Ruby. It is incomprehensible that the Commission could have refused to get him to Washington to testify, as he asked.

Now that there has been a court reversal in his case, is there not *some* way to get his testimony? To whom in authority could we write to urge he be given safe conduct and protection and his story heard?

Of course, one realizes that if a movement of that sort seemed to be in the offing Ruby might conveniently "die" in the Dallas jail and any steps to get him out must be taken quietly.

MRS. T. HOINKO
Oak Park, Illinois

SIRS:

The allegations and insinuations in the article about our President Kennedy in your November issue have put the Congress and Administration in a highly embarrassing position. You are obviously trying to force their hand in ordering another investigation. Gentlemen, have you given any thought at all to the chaos that this would bring if one-tenth of these allegations are true?

Your article, either directly or by inference, compromised the Central Intelligence Agency, the Federal Bureau of Investigation, the Dallas police force, the John Birch Society and the Administration. If your allegations are true, who then, will arrest the guilty?

ROBERT C. WEISZMANN
Daly City, California

...and Fantasy

SIRS:

Your printing of "MacBird," [RAMPARTS, December 1966] that vicious, tasteless farrago of slander, rumor and bitter gall I not only resent as incredible editorial irresponsibility, but it is one of the few things I've ever read that makes me want to attack the editor and publisher with a club.

I see no "kind of genius" in the writing of this play, as poet Robert Lowell has been quoted as saying, unless it is a kind of genius for gutter fighting in its lowest form.

"MacBird" is less a play than an emetic.

MORT R. LEWIS
Los Angeles, California

SIRS:

Barbara Garson's "MacBird" is an external exercise in literary agility, brilliance and license.

A. O. F. KELLOGG
Pasadena, California

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

BOARD OF DIRECTORS
D. de Jersey Grut, G. M. Feigen, Daniel J. Bernstein, June Oppen Degnan, Robert Fraser, Carlton B. Goodlett, Howard Gossage, Warren Hinckle III, Louis Honig, Joseph Ippolito, Edward M. Keating, Frederick C. Mitchell, Martin Peretz, Eleanor Jackson Piel, Marcus Raskin, Richard Russell, Stanley K. Sheinbaum.

Publisher
Edward M. Keating

Editor
Warren Hinckle III

Art Director
Dugald Stermer

Managing Editor
Robert Scheer

Assistant Managing Editor
Sol Stern

News Editors
Gene Marine, David Welsh

Consulting Editors
Maxwell Geismar, Ralph J. Gleason, Howard Gossage, Paul Jacobs, Stanley K. Sheinbaum.

Copy Editor
Leslie Timan

Military Editor
Don Duncan

Extra Pages Editor
Stan Freberg

Staff Writers
Bob Avakian, Eldridge Cleaver, Peter Collier, Adam Hochschild, Stephen Schneck, Judy Stone, William Turner.

Production Director
John Williams

Contributing Editors
G. M. Feigen, Travel; James F. Colaianni, Religion; Paul Krassner, Society; Jean Lacouture, Southeast Asia; Sandra Levinson, New York; Thomas Bransten, Paris; Marcus Raskin, Arthur Waskow, Washington; Jessica Mitford, Oakland; Frederick C. Mitchell, Kansas; Monique Maurer, Munich.

Editorial Assistants
Sheryl Ball, Janis Fisher, Erica Gander, Pauli Gilliland, Susan Griffin Levy, Deborah Sampson, Vampira, Tuck Weills.

Assistant to the Editor
Maureen Stock

ADMINISTRATION
Warren Hinckle III (Associate Publisher), James F. Colaianni (Assistant Publisher), Don Rothenberg (Assistant to the Publisher), Joseph Ippolito (Controller), Bert Garmise (Circulation Consultant), Marc Stone (Promotion Director), G. M. Feigen (Generalist).

Contents Copyright ©1967 by Ramparts Magazine, Inc.

301 Broadway
San Francisco, California
Telephone: YU 1-4070

Cable Address:
RAMPARTS, San Francisco

RAMPARTS is published monthly by Ramparts Magazine, Inc. MAIN OFFICES: 301 Broadway, San Francisco, California, Telephone YU 1-4070; NEW YORK OFFICES: 10 Sheridan Square, New York 14, N.Y., Telephone WA 4-5525; PARIS OFFICE: 86 Rue de Lille, Paris. MUNICH OFFICE: Ainmillerstrasse 1/III, 8 München 13. Subscription rates: $7, one year; $13, two years in U.S.A. and possessions. Foreign rate: $8, one year; $15, two years. Single issue, 75 cents. Copyright © 1966 by Ramparts Magazine, Inc. All rights reserved. MANUSCRIPTS: Unsolicited manuscripts submitted to RAMPARTS should be sent with return postage and self-addressed envelope. RAMPARTS editors assume no responsibility for unsolicited manuscripts. Second copies should be retained by writer. EDITORIAL AND ADVERTISING CORRESPONDENCE: All editorial and advertising correspondence should be mailed to 301 Broadway, San Francisco, California. SUBSCRIPTION CORRESPONDENCE: All subscription correspondence, including address changes, should be mailed to RAMPARTS Subscription Dept., 1255 Portland Place, Boulder, Colorado 80302. For change of address, send both new and old address (enclose recent magazine address label, if possible). Please allow six weeks for change of address. Second-class postage paid at San Francisco, California, New York, N.Y. and at additional mailing offices. Printed in the United States of America.

SIRS:

I enjoy your magazine and intend to stick with you until one of us quits due to natural causes. However, I feel that the inclusion of excerpts from "MacBird" in your last issue was a mistake. The socio-political-economic class to which most of your subscribers belong is that very bunch of people who had probably already read "MacBird." Your greatest asset is your originality; please do not become the Reader's Digest of the left.

RICHARD A. WARREN
New York City

SIRS:

The December RAMPARTS, featuring "MacBird" on its cover, may have left readers with some mistaken impressions about the history of the play. The mock playbill ("MacBird: a Fantasy Play by Barbara Garson, produced by the S. F. Mime Troupe under the direction of R. G. Davis") might lead the casual reader to believe that the Mime Troupe had staged "MacBird" somewhere and perhaps was selling tickets to future performances.

The Mime Troupe has never produced the play and, as far as we know, has no plans to do so. "MacBird" is being produced for the first time anywhere starting in January in New York City. Present plans call for the play to open for preview performances January 17th at the Village Gate.

Much of the mail we have been getting in response to the December RAMPARTS seems to credit RAMPARTS with bringing the play up from the underground. This is ironic because when "MacBird" was really underground, the RAMPARTS editorial board decided not to print "MacBird" for fear it would have a harmful effect on the RAMPARTS special issue on the Warren Commission. By the time RAMPARTS decided it wanted "MacBird" after all, the play had already received a great deal of public attention, almost entirely through the efforts of Roy Levine and Julia Curtis, whose names are mentioned in tiny type at the very end of the RAMPARTS spread.

For a full year Roy and Julia have been living and breathing "MacBird." Both quit their jobs to spend full time on it, Julia promoting the play and bringing it to the attention of important literary figures, Roy working out stage ideas and getting Barbara to write the extra lines and scenes to unify the play dramatically. Together with David Dretzin, they spent months scraping up $30,000 in bits and pieces, a few hundred here and a few hundred there, and especially agonizing months in negotiating with theater owners, getting rejected by one after another because of the explosive nature of the play. They have worked very carefully to assemble a magnificent cast of actors who believe in this play as much as they themselves do.

MARVIN GARSON
President, Grassy Knolls Press, Inc.
New York City

THE CHILDREN

SIRS:

Many, many thanks for your January RAMPARTS in which you published William F. Pepper's "The Children of Vietnam." In your publication of this document of the misery, destitution and death that we of the United States are inflicting upon these poor and hapless Vietnamese children, RAMPARTS is performing a public-service of perhaps even greater magnitude than is yet either recognized or anticipated. As much as many of us would prefer to deny our guilt as citizens of this country in the crimes against humanity which the United States military have committed and continue to commit upon the innocent and defenseless persons of Vietnamese children, it is a sobering fact that we are all responsible. Surely if ever Americans were faced with stark and accusing evidence of their confusion and complacent failure to control and direct the policy and conduct of their military we are faced by it now in this accusing document.

PHILIP PRICHARD
Seattle, Washington

SIRS:

RAMPARTS magazine and Carl Fischer Photography, Inc. have committed the most ghastly sin against taste and feeling that it has been my lot to observe in an increasingly unfeeling world. Your photographic reenactment of the crucifixion of Jesus for the purpose of selling your magazine has horrified me.

MRS. ROLLO MAY
New York City

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

SIRS:

What's this? Can it be that there are no representatives of North Vietnam or of the Viet Cong standing beneath the crucified one on your January cover? How is it that the transgressed is depicted as being the victim of his defenders rather than his transgressors?

Oh, I forgot. RAMPARTS has its own definitions of aggression and defense, doesn't it?

DONALD F. HINDS
Beverly Hills, Missouri

SIRS:

After seeing the pictures of the child victims of American atrocities in Vietnam it is not too soon to institute war crimes trials against the leadership in this country.

Your publication should elicit the highest encomiums from all who read it.

ART MOORE
Chehalis, Washington

SIRS:

You are to be highly commended for your courageous efforts to make your readers see the ethical dilemma in which this nation's major issues are imbedded. Two of these, the battle against racial prejudice and the search for John F. Kennedy's assassins, will never be resolved completely simply because most people prefer an easy answer to a complicated one.

But you stand a good chance to succeed in opening some people's eyes about the nature of the war in Vietnam. There are still many "intellectuals" who say that "since we know communism to be bad, we must keep any nation from choosing it." While such Americans believe that God is on their side, they send us all to hell.

DR. CONRAD BOROVSKI
San Jose, California

SIRS:

I was disappointed to discover that many people react with indifference or hostility to your January story.

A private attached to Army Intelligence in Washington told me that we should be worrying about our own fighting boys, not "those sneaky little VC bastards." When I pointed out that we were not talking about "those sneaky little VC bastards," but about children of people we had politically chosen to save from the Terrors of Communism, I got this reply:

"We're going to have to kill them all sometime, so we might as well get them when they're young. They're not my kids; they're just Commie kids; everybody with brains knows that. If you don't get 'em when they're six, you'll have to get 'em when they're 16, and it's going to be a lot harder then!"

I often disagree with you, but you have a right to say what you wish. In a case like that of the Vietnamese children, that right becomes a duty.

STAN SHEPARD
Washington, D.C.

SIRS:

The elaborateness of the photographic presentation concerning the injury-ridden children in Vietnam was not only excessive but in extremely poor taste.

Sensationalism needn't be used as a means of attitude conveyance, nor as a method of stimulating empathy.

Should not the written word, if an author is competent, suffice in an article of this nature?

ROBERT MCCAFFREY
Bayside, N. Y.

THE CIA FLYBOYS

SIRS:

This letter is in reference to David Welsh's article, "Flyboys of the CIA" [RAMPARTS, December 1966] in which I was featured.

It is a fact as vital as any other, that the involvement of the principals concerned leaned heavily on certain information provided to us early in the affair. Namely, that this was not simply a repression of colonial urges to achieve independence. It *is* vital, and it must be considered along with all else, that we were provided dramatic evidence of a huge sponsorship to the rebel forces on the part of Communist China . . . that Chinese Army instructors were in the field, that Chinese Army munitions and ordnance were involved, that the whole uprising, or most of it, received financial support from Red China. It should be noted that the Portuguese held, and may still hold, several Red Chinese Army instructors as prisoners.

Please, we're all not quite as blind or, to be more favorable to your reporter, as reckless as we may seem . . . Were not the Chinese Communist involvement so heavy then, there would have been less involvement on our parts.

However, I do not wish to stray from a very essential element of the story by David Welsh. His reporting of the government involvement is uncannily accurate. The manner in which he unraveled continuity and facts from the monstrous bag of undulating spaghetti deserves the loudest praise. His assessment of Hawke and de Montmarin being thrown to the wolves to save America's face is absolutely correct, and I tip my hat (or leather helmet, if you will) to his driving that point home where it belongs — on the printed page.

MARTIN CAIDIN
Cocoa Beach, Florida

MISCELLANY

SIRS:

I was surprised to find in your December Apologia (p. 2) this statement: ". . . denounced by the west coast reactionary weekly the People's World."

As far as I know the People's World

FANSHEN

A Documentary of Revolution in a Chinese Village

by WILLIAM HINTON

Pre-pub price $9; After Jan. 30, 1967, $12.50. Order from:
MONTHLY REVIEW PRESS
116 W. 14th St., N. Y. 10011

Hear author Hinton discuss "The Cultural Revolution in China – A Positive View" during his speaking tour:

JANUARY 1-31 — Eastern Seaboard
FEBRUARY 1-20 — Midwest
FEBRUARY 21-MARCH 10 — Far West
MARCH 11-APRIL 1 — Eastern Seaboard

For information write:
WILLIAM HINTON
Route 2, Fleetwood, Pa. 19522

". . . Fanshen is the most exciting, fascinating, extraordinary document of Land Reform in China ever written . . . a classic to be compared with Red Star Over China."—Han Suyin

". . . the most important book that has yet been written about China at the time of the Communist Revolution . . . How better could we begin to understand its meaning"
— Felix Greene

". . . A vivid and unique contribution to historical documentation on the land redistribution phase of the revolution in China . . . a vast and indispensable storehouse of sociological information" *— Edgar Snow*

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

is a progressive weekly and I think you owe your readers an apology.

CLARA REICH
New York City

SIRS:

I would like herewith to formally cancel my subscription to Time and enter a subscription to RAMPARTS.

JOHN R. MORRIS
Los Angeles, California

SIRS:

"Sorel's Bestiary" in January RAMPARTS was all at once malicious and in bad taste. Moreover, the innuendos are false. As it happens, I have been a student and am a friend of Max Lerner's; and I suppose that at this point in my life we disagree about a great deal. But it is more than filial loyalty that impels me to tell you that I know few people who agonize over their opinions with greater honesty than does he.

MARTIN PERETZ
Cambridge, Massachusetts

SIRS:

It was interesting to read McNamara's statement to the students at Harvard's Kennedy Institute in your January ephemera: "Listen, I went to college too. I was tougher than you guys are then, and I'm tougher than you guys are now!" The photographs of maimed Vietnamese children indicate that in this case, at least, there is no credibility gap.

STEVE GILBERT
Albany, Oregon

CHEAP LABOR

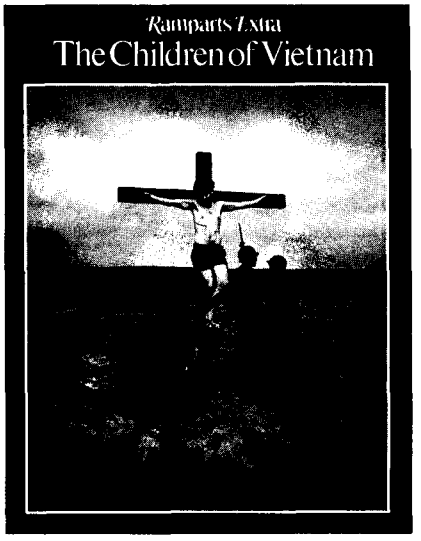
We have long been under the impression that somewhere behind the policy of apartheid lurks the idea of cheap labor, but apparently, even in South Africa, there are still jobs to be done and no one to do them – or at least not cheaply enough.

In any case, Dr. R. Trevor-Jones of Cape Town University has come up with a new source of labor: baboons. There is already a South African baboon, Dr. Trevor-Jones tells us, who has been trained to help a farmer herd sheep, and another who has been taught to drive a tractor. In the South West African railway station at Uttenhage, a baboon works as a porter and performs other odd jobs.

"We have a wonderful opportunity," the scientist said brightly, "to develop a docile, intelligent, working baboon," and in case anyone doesn't think there's a need, he added that "they could easily be trained to become efficient golf caddies."

Putting out of our head a number of absurd pictures having to do with Gary Player's putting, we turned to the works of Dr. Trevor-Jones' American colleagues, Dr. Sherwood Washburn and Dr. Irven DeVore, where we learned that South Africa may be in for more than it knows. These particular apes tend, for instance, to band together readily; they easily learn to use hand tools; they lean toward a rigidly authoritarian social structure of their own – but one, of course, that has a baboon at the top; and they tend to favor the communal sharing of property (but only with other baboons).

We're not really anti-intellectual, but we admit to pleasure at the mental picture of a somewhat older Dr. Trevor-Jones being taught to operate a tractor.



To meet the demands of many of our readers we have produced reprints of the 24-page "Children of Vietnam" section which appeared in the January issue.

These reprints are now available at the following prices:

1-10 copies	35 cents each
11-50	30 cents each
51-100	25 cents each
101-1000	20 cents each
over 1000	18 cents each

(freight cost additional)

RAMPARTS
301 Broadway
San Francisco, California 94133

Please send me copies of the "Children of Vietnam." I am enclosing a check for dollars.

NAME_____

ADDRESS_____

CITY_____ ZIP_____

DEFINITION

While we're reporting from faraway places, we think the mayor of Massacar, Indonesia, deserves mention. The mayor recently issued an executive order against the wearing of tight skirts, and then found himself pressed for a definition. Equal to the occasion, the mayor ordered that a skirt is tight if its wearer a) cannot step into a jeep without help; b) cannot pick up a fallen handkerchief; c) cannot run when chased by a dog; d) shows both her knees; and e) cannot hold a beer bottle placed between her knees.

INCIDENTAL INTELLIGENCE

A Pennsylvania firm is merchandising "Men of the Green Beret Bubble Gum" at five cents a stick. Each package contains several Green Beret trading cards, and when an enterprising youngster has collected five wrappers he may get a real green beret, "complete with Special Forces insignia," by mailing the wrappers with 60 cents cash to Green Berets, P. O. Box 801, Havertown, Pa., 19083. The offer is good only in the continental United States.

JANSENISM

While we have never shared the late Lucius Beebe's view of modern jet airliners as "cartridges of death," we must confess to finding flying a mildly traumatizing experience that does not improve with age.

This uneasiness we suspect is shared by numerous other travelers who have an aversion to smashing through the air faster than God intended – cursed by

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

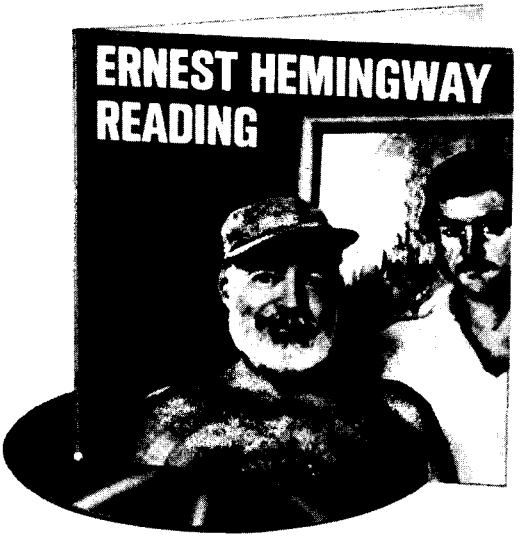
New...from Caedmon Records

The only recording of
Ernest Hemingway
reading his works

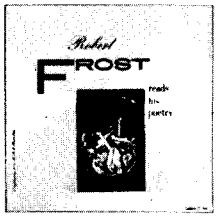
This historic album was created from the now-legendary tape recordings Hemingway made for himself and his friends in the years 1948-1961. They have never been available to the public.

HERE is the Ernest Hemingway known to his intimate circle . . . the teller of tall stories, the tender man in love, the brash and bawdy wit, the serious searcher for truth. In this remarkable album, you will hear *Second Poem to Mary;* a selection from *Work in Progress;* the autobiographical memoir, *Saturday Night at the Whorehouse in Billings, Montana;* the moving *Nobel Prize Acceptance Speech; In Harry's Bar in Venice,* a rare moment of Hemingway parodying *The New Yorker* parodying Hemingway; *The Fifth Column,* describing the anguished Spanish Civil War days.

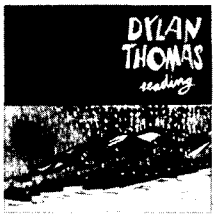
Mary Hemingway, and A. E. Hotchner, Hemingway's good friend, have written personal background notes for this long-awaited album. It is the only spoken testament left to us of the man Hemingway was.



OTHER UNIQUE RECORDINGS FROM CAEDMON

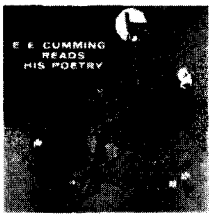


Robert Frost's own New England voice reads *The Pasture, Mending Wall, Birches, After Apple Picking,* and other poems.

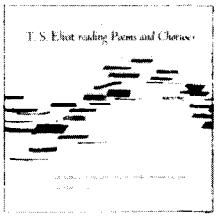


Dylan Thomas in a lyrical reading of *A Child's Christmas in Wales, In the White Giant's Thigh,* and other poems.

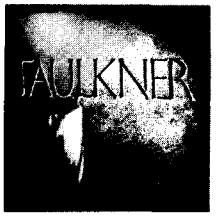
Carl Sandburg reads *Windy City, In Tall Grass, Four Preludes, Southern Pacific,* and other well-known poems.



E. E. Cummings in selections from his poetry, including *when god decided to invent, Santa claus, i say no world.*



T.S. Eliot interpreting a choice selection of his poetry, including *Prufrock, Portrait of a Lady, Ash Wednesday, Marina.*



William Faulkner reads his famed *Nobel Prize Acceptance Speech,* selections from *As I Lay Dying,* and other works.

At better record and book stores, or mail coupon below

CAEDMON RECORDS have enriched the American literary scene by bringing into homes and schools the voices of the distinguished poets and writers of our time. Notable Caedmon albums include the famed original cast recording of Dylan Thomas' *Under Milk Wood;* Richard Burton reading the love lyrics of John Donne; Sir John Gielgud interpreting Shakespeare's sonnets; and Lotte Lenya, in an evocative reading of the tales of Kafka.

Caedmon records are available at fine record and book stores. Or, you may order any of the albums shown, simply by using the coupon provided. Please enclose check or money order. We pay postage.

CAEDMON RECORDS

Pioneer in spoken-word recording

Caedmon Records, Dept. 141
505 Eighth Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10018

Please send the albums I have indicated at the right. I enclose my check or money order for $5.95 in full payment for each album. (Add sales tax where necessary.) All are 12-inch long playing records which may be used on any 33⅓ rpm phonograph.

Name.....

Address.....

City.....

State.....Zip Code.....

CHECK THE ALBUMS YOU WISH:

- ☐ Ernest Hemingway
- ☐ Robert Frost
- ☐ Dylan Thomas
- ☐ Carl Sandburg
- ☐ E. E. Cummings
- ☐ T. S. Eliot
- ☐ William Faulkner
- ☐ Please send your complete 72-page catalogue.

EH-1

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the contemporary necessity for speed at the cost of comfort. We therefore view with particular alarm the Federal Aviation Agency's edict limiting the consumption of alcoholic beverages to two drinks per passenger from take-off to landing.

The logic of this rule has always escaped us but its Jansenist roots are obvious. The FAA notwithstanding, the god of the skies is not dry, and in our opinion a consenting adult should be able to get cheerfully loaded while hurtling across the nation in a metal tube if he or she so desires. Indeed, one can advance an argument that no reasonable person would do anything else under such unnatural circumstances.

The two-drink rule is particularly discriminatory to those unfortunates who must frequently cross the United States by air, since no such prohibition exists on jetcraft crossing the Atlantic or Pacific. It is only Americans, traveling in their own land, who are presumed by federal fiat to be incapable of holding their liquor. This rule is also not applicable to chartered flights, as any professional newsman who has flown his share of junkets can testify to.

We consider this law offensively paternalistic and grossly stupid, and remain unimpressed by the mildly progressive argument that the FAA allows people paying first class fares to also drink many glasses of wine and one whole brandy or creme de menthe. This is all gargle to a man who needs four or five strong belts to ward off the experience of passing over Elko, Nevada, in less time than it take to blink, and in addition is unfair to those in economy seating.

(If you must fly first class, American is by far superior than the other airlines, drinking-wise, because the girls pour your alloted two drinks from real, life-sized liquor bottles. This means a larger drink than can be poured from the lilliputian liquor bottles the other airlines dole out in pairs.)

It used to be possible in the not-too-distant days of more enlightened if slower prop travel to bring a bottle aboard, and if the ice held out during the 12-hour trip from Los Angeles to Washington you were in fine shape.

Now, since the FAA arbitrarily defines an airplane trip for drinking purposes as between any two stops, the only legal way one can have several or many drinks en route is to go from San Francisco to New York by way, say, of Las Vegas, Phoenix, St. Louis, Cincinnati, Philadelphia and Newark.

This is inconvenient, but is the price the Federals would have one pay for drinking his fill in the air. This two-drink limitation is hardly an act of a government of the people, by the people and for the people, unless they are all dries.

MARRIAGE ON THE ROCKS

There is a sexual revolution going on these days and it is worrisome. It's not the naked girls in the movies or the crazy college kids in Berkeley that worry me. I'm a liberal. I'm on the side of free expression and the rights of consenting adults. I never thought *Fanny Hill,* or even Ralph Ginzburg, would corrupt American youth, and I've never lost a minute's sleep over the effect of the pill on single girls. But I do get upset about the how-to books on sex that you see on the racks in drugstores, and I really worry about what they are doing to marriage in this country.

In the good old days of ignorance and the double standard, a fellow could cat around for a while and then settle down with some sweet young thing. He wouldn't expect her to know much about sex, but he could figure that she would be fairly enthusiastic about learning. Actually, he wouldn't know much either, but he would have enough of an edge on her that he could feel comfortably superior while they fumbled their way towards competence in the delightfully complicated business. After a couple of years they could feel satisfied that they weren't bad, not bad at all, in the old sack. In point of fact they may have been thoroughly mediocre, but since they had no way of knowing any better they could remain smug. The wife could take pride in the fact that hidden beneath her respectable suburban exterior was a piece of pretty hot stuff – she didn't always stay on the bottom, and one Saturday morning they had done it in the shower! The husband could continue to feel worldly and superior; he might even be planning to inveigle her into experimenting in the arm chair some night, though he certainly would not want his wife carrying on like those tramps in the books that got passed around at the office.

All that is changed now. The fellow still goes into marriage knowing a bit about sex, but the sweet young thing has picked up a few of the how-to books and climbs into the marital bed with the expertise of an old pro. How humiliating for the poor fellow when his sweetie starts showing him what to do! What terrible suspicions must pass through his mind until she shows him her copy of Dr. X's guide to sexual fulfillment. Then he reads it, too, and that's when the real trouble starts. Unless they are damned fine athletes they are going to get frustrated or even damaged trying to pull off those tricks and postures the good doctor recommends. What's worse, unless they erupt like Krakatoa and Vesuvius every time they tumble in the sack, they're going to feel guilty. Each will begin by wondering where he went wrong, what he forgot to do; but it will not be long before each is suspecting the other of failure. Soon divorce is imminent. The marriage might last anyway, because fellow and sweetie really *do* like each other, yet they will go through life with the horrible suspicion that they have failed Dr. X and each other.

The possibilities for marital disaster lurk between the lines of all the how-to books, from Dr. Eustace Chesser's relatively sedate masterpiece *Love Without Fear*, through Dr. Marie N. Robinson's homily for wives *The Power of Sexual Surrender,* on down to Dr. Albert Ellis' resolutely uninhibited treatise *Sex Without Guilt*. They are plainest of all, though, in *The Marriage Art* by John E. Eichenlaub, M.D.

It is published in hardback by Lyle Stuart (New York) 272 pp. for $6, and in paperback by Dell, 223 pp. (including an index!) for $.75.

Dr. Eichenlaub's work is enormously popular – it has gone through 15 big printings since Dell first published it in paperback in September 1962. It is also incredibly detailed. Others may tell ar-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

dent young husbands to play with their wives' breasts, but only Dr. Eichenlaub will discuss with them the comparative advantages of doing it with thumb and index finger or with index and middle fingers. Dr. Eichenlaub leaves nothing to guesswork. He is such a marvel of Teutonic precision and thoroughness that he even calculates the optimum ratio of "female pulses" to "male strokes" in the act of intercourse. However, he is also a marvel of Teutonic humorlessness, and that's what worries me. He teaches his readers to approach the sexual act as though it were some advanced form of calisthenics, a hygienic addition to the Royal Canadian Air Force Exercises. Can marriages survive amidst such owlishness?

Suppose some not very bright but earnest Jill were to turn to Dr. Eichenlaub for advice on how to make sure that her Jack particularly enjoys his birthday. Looking in the index under "Celebration" she will be guided to the section headed "Celebration Specials" on pages 106-109. After a page and a half of general introduction, which makes it plain that specials lose their quality if they don't come as a surprise to one's partner, Jill finds in one of Dr. Eichenlaub's clear, precise paragraphs just what she has been looking for: *the ice-spurred special.*

> Freezing cold against your skin stimulates both pain and temperature nerves, which are exactly the types of fiber which trigger your sex climax. The ice-spurred special takes advantage of this fact. Before intercourse, the wife places at the bedside a bowl of crushed ice or a handful of cracked ice wrapped in a wet towel. Both partners strip and enjoy sex in any face-to-face posture with the husband on top. As the husband starts his final surge to climax, the wife picks up a handful of crushed ice or the cold towel. Just as the paroxysms of orgasm start, she jams the ice-cold poultice against her husband's crotch and keeps it there throughout his conclusion.
>
> Imagine what follows.

That evening Jack comes blithely home from work. Jill greets him at the door with a wifely kiss and a pitcher of martinis—five to one, made with Beefeater's. After a long, lightly amorous cocktail hour, she feeds him a beautiful steak dinner. She refuses to let him help clean up after dinner. On his birthday he should relax in the living room with another brandy while she takes care of the dishes, and she sends him out of the room with a quick, promising kiss. Everything goes as she has planned. Jack falls asleep in the lounge chair; she stacks the dishes in the sink and slips into the bathroom. She comes out wearing only her sexiest nightgown and wakes him, suggesting throatily that maybe he ought to brush his teeth and go to bed. Jack dashes for the bathroom and Jill for the refrigerator. By the time he makes it to the bedroom Jill is between the covers and the ice is safely concealed under the folds of her sexy nightgown.

Stripped, they set out to enjoy sex in any face-to-face posture with Jack on top. As Jack starts his final surge to climax, Jill picks up a handful of crushed ice. Just as the paroxysms of orgasm start, dear, sweet, faithful Jill jams the ice against Jack's crotch.

Jack lets out a roar that would put a bull elephant to shame.

Alarmed, Jill drops the handful of ice in the bed and asks Jack if he is all right.

"Gaw-damn!" Jack is still at full volume.

"What's the matter, dear?"

"Oh my God, what are you doing to me?" He slides down to half volume.

Detecting a note of hostility in the question, Jill starts to whimper.

At the same moment, friends in the next apartment who heard Jack's anguished roar start pounding on the door. "Are you all right, Jack?"

The poor fellow can hardly talk, and he's in no condition to go to the door. He staggers into the living room, wiping at a few slivers of ice that are sliding down his leg, and calls out reassurances. Stubbed his toe. Sorry about the noise. And he goes back to the bedroom to discover Jill weeping steadily.

There is no need to detail the conversation that follows. It is sufficient to say that Jack rises to husbandly greatness by convincing Jill that it was sweet and thoughtful of her to consult Dr. Eichenlaub and stupid of him to make so much noise just because he was a little startled. Of course, he has to console her twice—the second time after he slides back into bed and his naked posterior lands in the puddle of melted ice.

Current R13

905 Madison Avenue, New York 10021

Here's my $2.00 for your six-month special introductory offer.

Name _____

Street _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

If your wide ranging interests outrun your reading time, Current is the magazine for you.

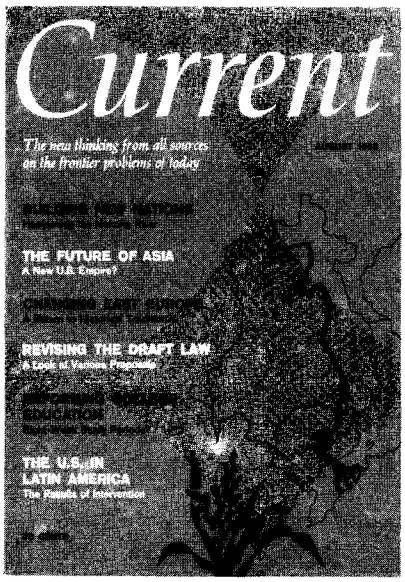
Each month Current gives you the essence of news and ideas extracted from more than 600 major newspapers, magazines, books, professional journals—even radio and television scripts. Current gives order, shape and form to this overwhelming mass of communication, offering the best thinking on major issues in a format that provides a balanced view.

The scope of Current is the scope of involved people everywhere. From Foreign Policy to Farm Policy, Education to Economic Aid, Science to Segregation, Current is the one publication that can give you perspective on every vital issue.

"Unique coverage of contemporary ideas and issues," says John W. Gardner, Secretary of Health, Education and Welfare. "Indispensable to a busy man," says Paul G. Hoffman, Managing Director, United Nations Special Fund.

Because we're sure you'll agree, we make this special half price offer: Try Current for 6 months for only $2.00. Simply fill in the coupon above, mail it with two dollars or a check. See how easy it is to keep current.

If you can't read everything


Current
The new thinking from all sources on the frontier problems of today
THE FUTURE OF ASIA
REVISING THE DRAFT LAW
THE U.S. IN LATIN AMERICA

read Current

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

But though he saves their marriage that night, it starts to founder in the weeks that follow. Jill feels that Jack has changed. Once he was her eager partner in the exploration of the robust joys of the sexual side of marriage; now he is timorous and reluctant. Now she often leaves his embrace unsatisfied and he seems scarcely better off. Gone is their delightfully varied foreplay and afterplay; all that remains is a clumsy, hurried coupling. Jill is hurt and baffled.

With the dreadful persistence of the stupid, she turns once again to her counselor in the marriage art for a technique which will revive Jack's flagging interest. Sure enough, she finds something that will send him "on an ecstatic whirl" and thereby save their marriage.

"As the husband hits his absolute peak, the wife can press her bunched fingertips firmly into his flesh just at the back of his scrotum in a harsh goosing jiggle. . . ."

Poor Jack. Poor Jill.

— Edward Galligan

The Muslims' Decline

The author, now a RAMPARTS *staff writer, served eight years in various California prisons where he was for a while a member of the Muslims.*

THERE WAS A TIME when the names Black Muslims and Elijah Muhammad were enough to start prison officials reaching for headache pills. Every black inmate's thoughts centered on the question whether or not to convert to the Nation of Islam. For the white inmates, this was a dark bag into which they peered only to plot a defense against what they perceived as an imminent threat to their survival.

In those days if you walked into any prison in the State of California and visited the unit set aside for solitary confinement, there was absolutely no doubt that you'd find 10 or 15 Black Muslims who were being "disciplined" for staunchly confronting prison officials with implacable demands that Muslims be allowed to practice their religion with the same freedom and privileges as the Catholics, Jews, and Protestants.

Soledad, San Quentin, and Folsom were the prisons with the highest concentration of adherents to Islam. Because prison officials would not allow Muslim ministers to come in from outside to hold services, as did the ministers of other religions, the Muslims in each prison had organized themselves into a Mosque, with a hierarchy patterned rigidly after the structure of the Mosques in the outside world. Each prison had its inmate minister, captain, and Fruit of Islam. Prison officials knew this, but all they could do was periodically bundle up the leaders of each Mosque and transfer them to another prison, or place them in solitary confinement so that they could not communicate with the other members of the Mosque. Through this means they were always able to keep the Muslims off balance with the task of constantly reorganizing their Mosques.

Even so, the Muslims were able to carry out a systematic program of proselytizing among the great pool of potential converts found in every prison. During his stay in prison, every black inmate was exposed to the Black Muslims' teachings, and had to decide whether or not to join. During the exercise periods, it was not a rare sight to see several Muslims walking around the yard, each with a potential convert to whom he would be explaining the Message to the Black Man as taught by Elijah Muhammad.

Now all that has changed, and it is easy to see that the light which once shone so brightly has dimmed, if not gone completely out, and the Muslims are no longer taken seriously by the prison officials, other inmates, or even by themselves. They no longer burn with the zeal of a growing sect which has ambitions and hopes of becoming a dominant force in the environment.

The reasons for this are several and complex. The most obvious cause of the decline of the Black Muslims in prisons is that Allah has failed to come. In this sense, the Muslims have fallen victim to their own predictions of doom for the white devils. In order to prod the reluctant potential converts into a speedy decision on whether or not to join, the Muslims used to spread the word that Allah would destroy North America "next year" and that only those blacks who were already members of the Nation of Islam would be saved. If you wait much longer, they taught, you just may find yourself roasting in the flames along with the exiled demons of Europa. But the years passed and Allah never made the scene.

The second major reason for the decline of the Muslims in prisons was the split in the Nation of Islam that developed over the callous ouster and subsequent murder of Malcolm X, who was the universal hero of black prisoners. Malcolm died at the hands of assassins dispatched from some dark corner of the kingdom of this world. But the onus of his death rests squarely on the shoulders of Elijah Muhammad and the princes of the Nation of Islam in the upper echelons of the hierarchy. There is no doubt that they engineered his ouster from power over the New York Mosque which he had built up from the ground.

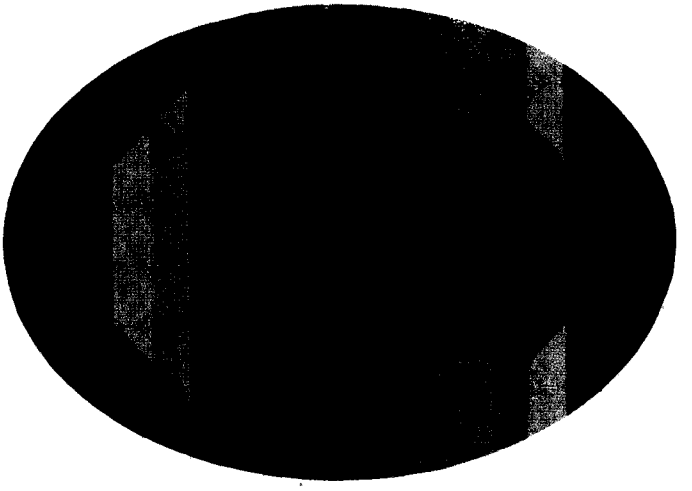
To have paid out so coldly one who had worked so hotly to get the Nation over the hump brought about a doom in confidence and turned every Mosque into a ruin haunted by the ghost of Malcolm X. In prisons he sits in judgment of every Muslim and his martyrdom is a chicken that has come home to roost wherever Black Muslims congregate.

The third and perhaps most important reason for the decline of the Muslims in the prisons is the inexplicable failure of the outside officials of the Nation of Islam to render any legal assistance to the Muslims behind the walls. Muslim inmates, who wanted to take the California Department of Corrections into court in order to win their constitutional right to practice their religion while in prison, were forced to the ideological humiliation of asking the white devils of the American

(continued on page 51)

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A Political Portrait of Robert Kennedy



by Robert [illegible]

IT was a subdued Saturday morning, and pages of The New York Times were lying about in the UN Plaza apartment overlooking the East River. Chubby financier André Meyer chided Jean Smith for not having acknowledged his presence at a restaurant the week before. She: "I didn't see you." He: "Oh, I was with General Sarnoff." The comely and well-groomed daughter of Tom Watson, president of IBM, was on the sofa moodily flipping through the pages of a magazine and occasionally chatting with the attractive French wife of Tom Johnston who runs Senator Kennedy's New York office. Legislative aides Peter Edelman and Adam Walinsky were trading concepts in the corner, and I tried to take notes on the furniture which was white and lean. [cont'd.]

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

SOON THE SENATOR burst in from his bedroom with obvious excitement, and the beautiful people were off to the Bedford-Stuyvesant section of Brooklyn. I had been raised to think of Bedford-Stuyvesant as a place of angry fathers and smelly hallways, a bit too far from the Bronx to be worthwhile, but the Kennedy people clearly viewed it as a strange land; a little wilder than Cambodia, but not yet as violent as Vietnam.

As we piled into the various limousines, the senator's entourage had the apprehensive air of an aid team going off to a new village. We slowly pulled onto the East River Drive, and cut through dark, Hasidic Williamsburg into Bedford-Stuyvesant, a black area which had produced guerrilla movements the summer before, and had thereby earned the status of a target area, the benefits of a crash program and this visit from royalty.

We were on our way to Bedford-Stuyvesant because Kennedy had selected it as the site for his own experiment in domestic economic development.

Kennedy views "The Problem of the Cities and the Urban Ghetto" as the major political crisis of the next ten years. He has been shaken by the angry black voices he heard as attorney general and at the hearings of his Senate subcommittee. But the solutions which he has begun to propose would not be likely to shock even the more conservative members of the Senate.

The project began in February of last year when, after the Bedford-Stuyvesant disturbances, Kennedy asked to be taken on a tour of the area. A meeting was set up in the Bedford-Stuyvesant YMCA, and Bobby was subjected to verbal harangues by local residents who were tired of tours by politicians and studies by sociologists which never made a dent on the status quo. Even a civil court judge, Thomas R. Jones, told Bobby, "I'm weary of study, Senator . . . The Negro people are angry, Senator, and judge that I am, I'm angry too."

The Kennedy men began working with a local group called the Coordinating Council, and a number of the senator's seemingly inexhaustible supply of aides were assigned to work full time on the project.

The senator does not expect that large scale government funds will be available in the near future for the cities, and he refuses to look to the conversion of a portion of the military budget as a likely source of funds. When I asked about this he simply stated, "You can't get it through."

The Kennedy plan then, involves a return to the market economy, and he has described the Bedford-Stuyvesant project in terms more reminiscent of Ronald Reagan than of Herbert Lehman:

> Reliance on government is dependence and what the people of our ghettos need is not greater dependence but full independence, not the charity and favor of their fellow citizens, but equal claims of right and equal power to enforce those claims.

In the months that followed, the Kennedy people worked out the beginning of a program, and now their leader had come to Public School 305 to announce it. Kennedy announced the formation of a "Renewal and Rehabilitation Corporation" under the chairmanship of Judge Jones, who had become a member of yet another team of whites. The corporation is the community cover for the program. The guts of it is in the "business oriented group," the Bedford-Stuyvesant Development and Services Corporation, which will utilize the talent of the likes of Mr. Douglas Dillon, former secretary of the Treasury, and Mr. William Paley of CBS, as well, of course, as André Meyer and IBM's Thomas Watson.

It was Bobby's show and the middle-aged Negroes in the audience applauded, but there was an almost inaudible weariness when the junior senator told them, "And it is Bedford-Stuyvesant that is the vanguard—Bedford-Stuyvesant that can take the lead." It was a tedious abstraction to a community so beaten that it dreams only of saving Boys High, a dilapidated 76-year-old commercial high school that has a reputation for great athletic teams and blacktopping on a tiny vacant lot so kids can play. The stage was mostly white, the audience tired black; and The Man had come with yet another offer of self-improvement.

Middle-aged ghetto Negroes, the most totally trapped people in our society, must generally sit back and take it, so they applauded and gave The Man another chance. But in the audience of 400 there were not even a dozen in the decisive age bracket of from 15 to 30. The bloods were not on hand; the program had not reached them.

Finally, five young nationalists who worked in one of the poverty programs broke the mood of the gathering. One rose to ask if there would be a question period, and when the chairwoman replied in the negative, he wanted to know how the senator was ever going to find out what the community was thinking when it wasn't represented there. The audience squirmed at this injection of a too uncomfortable reality, and the incident was closed. Back in the hallway, standing a bit to the side of the shouting, I spotted a dour little man taking notes. It was Joseph Alsop, the Vietnam expert, who had journeyed to another foreign country seething with revolution to report on the success of American aid in containing it.

The Bedford-Stuyvesant program will probably do something. There is talk among the aides of getting a Macy's into the area, and surely Tom Watson and André Meyer ought to be able to swing that. Some face lifting may be done on houses and a few hundred jobs found, but this is not a serious program for the Negro poor. It comes no closer to the "social revolution" that Kennedy some-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

times talks about than the work of the Salvation Army. Kennedy has wielded his enormous influence, and some powerful men who are political and personal friends have come to help him. But the process cannot be repeated throughout the ghettos, or even extensively within Bedford-Stuyvesant, without massive federal funds.

We don't ask people to save their dollars and beg private industry to cooperate in order to produce a massive war industry; we do it by fiat of taxation and government insistence. And what the hallway militants wanted to know was why the poverty program wasn't getting the same treatment.

Kennedy refuses to go into this, and it may be because such a suggestion threatens his base, part of which is also the base of the white backlash. To call for self-improvement offends no one. The Bedford-Stuyvesant program costs him nothing politically, and that is why he can well afford to be behind it.

[THREE SCHOOLS IN ONE HOUR]

I HAD ANOTHER OPPORTUNITY to observe Kennedy's style in the ghetto when he flew up to Rochester to inspect some slum schools. "We're going to do three schools in one hour," an assistant told me before we left. The senator was 30 minutes late to the airport, but fortunately the American Airlines flight to Rochester was delayed by half an hour for "mechanical reasons," while one of the officials talked by phone to the senator's car. He sat up in the front of the plane going over the afternoon's schedule with William vanden Heuvel, one of his closest New York aides. Kennedy aides vary with the circumstances, and vanden Heuvel is urbane, witty and liberal, a different breed than the upstate politicos who took the senator in tow when we arrived in Rochester.

Our first stop was at the bookmobile parked outside the Nathaniel Rochester School No. 1, which is an all-black institution in Rochester's dismal third ward. The kids swarmed around him as he squeezed his way through the bookmobile and back into his car. There was a "Welcome Kennedy" sign draped down the side of the very old and worn school building, and one of the kids suggested that the sign might drop on our heads; another wanted his name in my paper, and a third asked for a quarter. There was a measure of joy in the third ward; although it is normally a place of dreadful wooden houses, the outside world had entered, if only for 15 minutes. I looked up as I made my way back to the car, but the white teachers seemed to have the Welcome Kennedy sign safely secured.

Then we were whisked to the Chester Dewey School No. 14 to observe the Art Action Center. Some kids in a middle-sized room were playing with clay on a wheel; the Center features three-dimensional art, and that room was the Center. The school is not all Negro, since there are 93 Puerto Ricans and some whites—mostly in the mentally retarded classes. We were on a very tight schedule, but the senator, who is said to love children, stopped to ask one: "Do you miss Puerto Rico?" The kid said, "Some."

It is a major achievement of the poverty program to have equipped four Rochester schools with libraries, and the Chester Dewey School No. 14 has one of them. It's a small room with no more than 400 books, but the senator was exuberant. He asked if they had tried to get labor unions to contribute books, and the librarian said she thought that was a wonderful idea. In the hallway there hung a Christmas stocking with a sign that said, "Room 110 can hardly wait."

Our last stop was at the Clara Barton School No. 2 which featured a rather large window exhibit on "George Washington Carver and the peanut." The sign said: "Dr. George Washington Carver took more than 300 products from the peanut alone." This school, again, was mostly black, but this time the faces in the room we entered were almost all white. A meeting of principals, education officials and administrators, including four white members of the board of education, was in progress. They had exhibits and slides and ran down the list of improvements that had been made possible in the Rochester school system through federal aid. They were talking about programs in the dumps we had just visited, but the slides made the problems seem colorful and slight.

A good deal of time was spent recording the fact that federal funds had brought those four new libraries to the schools. The riot in Bedford-Stuyvesant had produced only a blacktopped lot, but here in Rochester they had done better.

Kennedy's speech was off the cuff, mumbled, and threatened to be provocative. He challenged the complacency about solutions to ghetto problems, cited an article by CORE's Floyd McKissick—whom he had denounced the day before—and said we all deserve flunking grades for our work in the education of minorities. But in the end, all he really said was that we should all try harder. He never probed into the specific problems of the schools he visited. There were many relevant questions he could have asked: for instance, why were most of the teachers white?; are all the schools in Rochester dumps, or only ghetto schools?; why are Rochester schools segregated?; don't most of these new programs represent miniscule efforts and an attempt to camouflage a disastrous situation? Instead of raising disturbing questions to the men who run education in Rochester, Kennedy cut out the question period to go meet with Rochester businessmen.

He wound up his day in Rochester dining and mending fences with local Democratic politicians, the very men

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

who for so many years have maintained the status quo in that city. The white power structure got five hours and the black kids one.

[HOW'D I DO IN BERKELEY?]

ON THE DRIVE BACK from the airport, the senator asked me how his speech had gone over in Berkeley in October 1966, and about the attitude of students toward the war. When he talks about young people, the senator expresses a sincerity not always evident in his other discussions.

At the age of 40, the best thing about Robert Kennedy is his inherent youthfulness. It is the source of whatever spontaneity, sex appeal, honesty, hippiness, and humanity he possesses. If we are to believe his biographers, it is a quality which is deepening as he grows older, for he is said to be less rigid and predictable now than ever before. Is it possible that he waited until 40 to rebel?

At Berkeley he seemed to capture the mood of a generation in saying, "For it is not enough to allow dissent. We must demand it. For there is much to dissent from."

But in his Berkeley speech, as at all other times, Kennedy's orthodox political outlook and ambitions, his timidity and unwillingness to pay a price for his beliefs, caused him to refrain from dissenting very much.

In the same speech, he said, "We dissent from the monstrous absurdity of a world where nations stand poised to destroy one another, and men must kill their fellow men." This is a fine general sentiment, but there was not a dissenting word about the issue which most concerned his audience—the war in Vietnam. So in answer to the question of what I thought of his Berkeley speech, I told him I thought he finked out on Vietnam. He replied that he spoke out against the war last February. I told him I did not find that sufficient.

The Kennedy rhetoric is dangerous precisely because it provides the illusion of dissent without its substance. Hubert Humphrey is a bad joke to most young people, but Bobby is believable, and for that reason, much more serious. He could easily coopt prevailing dissent without delivering to it. In fact, much of his "magic" lies in his ability to convince potential critics that they are part of an entourage of trusted aides to a beneficent but insurgent crown prince.

The Kennedy people have raised cooptation to an art form. At hearings of his subcommittee, his tours through New York's ghettos, and during speeches before scores of college audiences, they have hooked onto the mood of crisis and, as with everything else, come to use it.

So it is RFK who gives us no more than ten years before our cities explode with racial violence, defends dissent and, it is claimed by Jack Newfield in The Nation, even suggested that should there be further escalation of the war in Vietnam, "I will feel free to state my ideas about it."

Given the depressing alternatives, the fascination with Kennedy by liberals is understandable, and it has produced a new literature which, basically, turns on the question, is Bobby all heart?

Most of the recent stories about him have been of this sort. There are those who emphasize the earlier years with McCarthy, the harassment of Jimmy Hoffa, and the wiretapping during his tenure at the Justice Department to underscore Bobby's original sin as an anti-liberal, which is still taken by these authors to dominate the "real" Bobby. Then there is the new group represented by people like Jack Newfield, who has something of a reputation among the Kennedy people for knowing about the New Left, and who holds that Kennedy "is close to being the most solid all-around liberal in the Senate." This group points to Bobby's differences with Johnson on Vietnam, his new support for dissent and his position on the ghettos as proof of his liberalism.

It's easy to slip into the "is Bobby one of us" game, and I was almost tempted to sneak a "Make Love Not War" sticker onto his car and watch his reaction, which would have been no less meaningful than the tests generally offered by the "Bobby Watchers." For this preoccupation belies an ignorance of the American political process and Kennedy's function as a politician within it. And Bobby Kennedy, for all his youth, charm and spontaneity, remains a very orthodox political figure.

The aura which most dominates the man is the conventional political one of personal power, and it is in these terms that he must "win." Commitment to a moral imperative, political idealism or even the integrity of a western's high noon are things he can admire from afar, but they are not now a part of his own world. He respects Yevtushenko whom he has met, but he would rather be Kosygin, whom he very likely detests. Stokely Carmichael is admired for his courage, but Roy Wilkins is the figure to deal with. The verve of Mario Savio is appealing to him, but it is to Clark Kerr that he looks for human progress.

Kennedy can with difficulty understand something of the "effectiveness" of the wavemakers, but he simply cannot grasp their compelling force. In an interview with him I tried to raise the moral questions concerning Vietnam, and they seemed alternately to bore and annoy him as he slapped a judge's gavel against his thigh. Only when such arguments were phrased in terms of their "effect" on world opinion did he begin to take them seriously.

Nor will Kennedy deal with the concept of leadership other than as an exercise in established power, for he is very nearly as much the consensus politician as LBJ. However, he disagrees with Johnson about where the consensus

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

is headed in America today: he thinks it is moving left and young. But he will move only when fully convinced that the ground for extending his base has been prepared by others. In this sense he is more like the young Lyndon Johnson, who also had a great instinct for sniffing a trend and could then well afford to be outrageously "progressive," but who nevertheless hedged his bets lest his instinct proved wrong.

[THE OPENING TO THE LEFT]

THE KENNEDYS always surround themselves with the best talent that money can buy, and upon being elected senator from New York, Bobby promptly hired Peter Edelman and Adam Walinsky, two bright attorneys from his days at the Justice Department, to be his legislative aides. Along with press secretary Frank Mankiewicz, Edelman and Walinsky are his "opening to the left." They read the academic journals and the Village Voice and are among the small minority of legislative assistants who can differentiate between Julian Bond and Stokely Carmichael. Hip to the rhetoric of the New Left and the civil rights movement, they have been invaluable in injecting choice phrases into Kennedy's speeches which have the effect of seducing left-oriented liberals without committing him to hard substantive positions for which he will be held politically responsible by the machine Democrats and Catholics who form his base.

The need for an opening to the left became evident during the New York Senate race, with the stiff opposition of reform Democrats and liberals who continuously played upon Kennedy's early association with McCarthy and his alliances with the big city machines. A fairly impressive list of liberals grouped around Gore Vidal and Lisa Howard in Democrats for Keating, and while Bobby won the election, he trailed Johnson badly.

What Bobby learned during the course of the campaign was that it was possible to gain liberal support without losing the other; for while "bosses" care about the substance of power, liberals remain suckers for mere rhetoric.

Bobby helps his writers by scouring books that come his way for usable quotes, which he scribbles on index cards for future speeches. Walinsky has a set of these quotes on his desk and makes frequent reference to them. Kennedy is not given to reading long and complex works of literature, but he has a fondness for the pungent phrase, the aphorism, and the quickie philosophical reference.

On occasion he pre-reads the speeches written for him, but not always. There was the time Walinsky wrote that American society represents an "eclectic socialism" and the typist had it as "electric socialism" in the version distributed to the press. Kennedy read the latter version, but found both phrases embarrassing.

Bobby's aides claim that Vietnam is "his" area and although Walinsky, Goodwin, Yarmolinsky, Dutton, Schlesinger (and McNamara) have considerable influence over his views, that *he* basically wrote the February 1966 speech which established his position to the left of the administration, projected him as an alternative to Johnson, and gave rise to Kennedy-Fulbright bumperstickers and Citizens for Kennedy organizations.

Kennedy's involvement with the Vietnam problem goes back to the first days of his brother's administration when he did as much as any man to get us deeply involved there. While Eisenhower had argued that the United States had done all it could for South Vietnam and that she must now sink or swim on her own, the new Kennedy administration had a more "dynamic" approach, which centered around the theory of "counterinsurgency," and Bobby was one of its strongest advocates. It was argued that the new "subversive" wars had to be met with new tactics and that the United States had a responsibility to lend assistance and advisors towards that end. This in its turn gave rise to the whole new gimmickry of weapons and the Special Forces units sent to Vietnam as "advisors."

Robert Kennedy was turned on. In Saigon, February 1962, he enthused, "We are going to win in Vietnam. We will remain here until we do win . . . I think the American people understand and fully support this struggle." In 1962 he called Ngo Dinh Diem "brave and patriotic."

As late as 1964 Kennedy had requested that Johnson send him to Vietnam as ambassador, which would have necessarily meant a total public commitment to Lyndon's policies. Johnson refused to make Kennedy ambassador or vice-president, and so he became a senator and as a result could safely indulge a greater degree of independence.

I asked Kennedy last month if we were justified in having entered Vietnam in the first place. He answered, "What's significant is the future, not the mistakes of the past"; but he added, "We both made mistakes; they did too [the North Vietnamese]."

Kennedy's strongest open criticism of the administration's policy occurred in his much publicized Senate speech of February 19, 1966, in which at first glance he seemed to be calling for NLF participation in negotiations and a coalition government. He opposed withdrawal, for that "would be a repudiation of commitments undertaken and confirmed by three administrations." But he departed from the usual administration mythology to state that the "discontented elements in South Vietnam" must be admitted "to a share of power and responsibility." He did not equate such "elements" directly with the Viet Cong, but he implied a connection. The solution was kept deliberately vague: "nor can the manner or the degree of participation now be described with any precision."

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

At no point did this speech challenge the legitimacy of U.S. presence in Vietnam, or make any basic criticism of that involvement or of Johnson's handling of the war. U.S. News and World Report asked concerning his program for Vietnam, "Isn't that what the Johnson administration has been after?" Kennedy's answer: "I therefore support the objectives of the administration."

When the attack inevitably developed on his Vietnam speech, Bobby almost immediately began to back down. According to Time magazine, Kennedy called Bill Moyers at the White House to explain that all he meant by his speech was that the United States should not "shut the door" on NLF participation in a future conference or in a future government. Moyers concluded that "if Senator Kennedy did not propose a coalition government with Communist participation, there is no disagreement." Time then completed its article with the following account: "At this point, finally, Bobby's reversal was complete. Said he, 'I find no disagreement.' "

When I questioned the senator on the accuracy of the Time closing statement about his having backed down, he told me: "I don't care what Time said." Then he went on to state his program, which opposed "unilateral withdrawal," but called for "negotiations with the Viet Cong," and indicated his "grave reservations" about the bombings of the North.

I asked Kennedy if Johnson's escalation of the war, entailing saturation bombing and the dispatch of 300,000 American troops, differed with his brother's Vietnam policy, and he replied, "Yes, there is a contradiction between a counterinsurgency position and the policy Johnson is pursuing." I suggested that this would make a good press release, but he didn't think it newsworthy.

Whatever his current disagreement with Johnson on Vietnam, Bobby Kennedy's vision in foreign affairs is based on standard Cold War mythology:

> The Communist conviction is that any means is justified to undermine and capture free governments and free peoples . . . Moscow remains energetic and alert, and its challenge to our freedom is dangerous and enduring. The Communist calendar of ambition is measured in decades, not weeks. (*The Pursuit of Justice*, pp. 129-130.)

The basic communist thrust, then, remains for him about the same as described by the Reader's Digest of the late '40s. But Kennedy adds that "aggression today takes a multitude of forms. It requires a variety of responses." Kennedy is not for ending the Cold War but rather for fighting it on new and more refined levels.

His program for saving the underdeveloped countries from communism is an amalgamation of the Peace Corps, counterinsurgency terror, old-fashioned economic intervention, and a wistful plea for agrarian reform. It all boils down to just one more effort to encourage local and foreign private investment.

Kennedy acknowledges, as he did in his Senate speech on Latin America, that foreign investors have at times exploited underdeveloped countries, but he solved the problem by calling upon Chase Manhattan's David Rockefeller to draw up a code of behavior for such companies.

In his world there is no conflict of interest or foreign economic exploitation, but only exhortation and wish fulfillment. For really to come to grips with the problems of development would mean to challenge the power of American companies over the world economy, to analyze their stake in underdevelopment, and to concede that it has all been a profitable business.

At this point Kennedy's program for America differs in no essential way from that of LBJ or any other mainstream politician. He shares the prevailing view of the Cold War and the benevolent workings of modern capitalism, and very carefully avoids any fundamental criticism of either. In his reliance on private investment as a panacea for the ills of American ghettos and underdeveloped countries alike, he is clearly to the right of the New Deal. He has also been unwilling to deal with the problem of our massive military industrial complex and to talk about conversion from a war economy to a peacetime one.

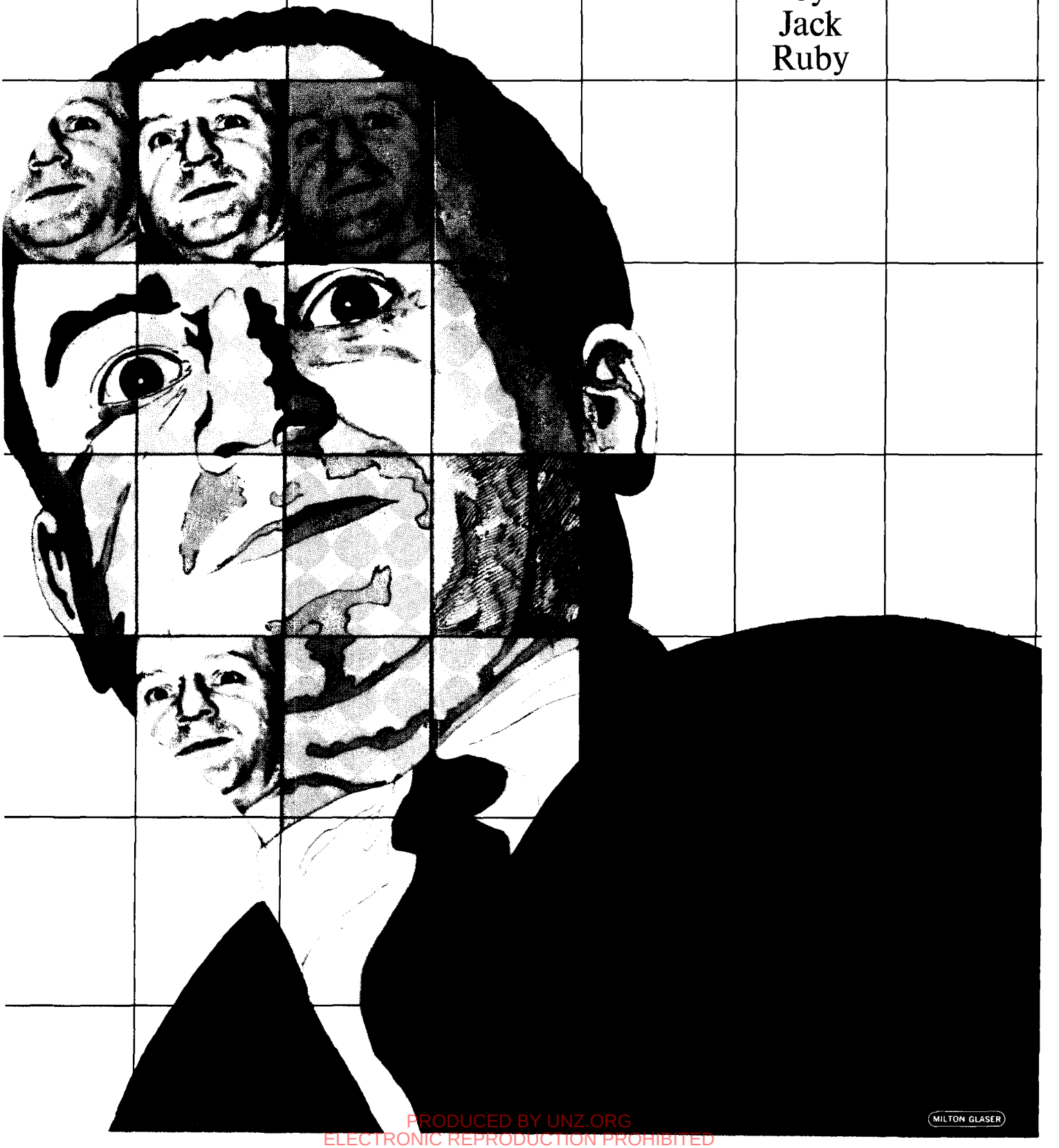
Perhaps he is capable of developing a program which will help move America, but so far he has not done so. For all the zest of the Kennedy men, they have retained a conservative approach to issues, having carefully cultivated an aura of youth as an alternative to political integrity and commitment. It is a stance which provides the illusion of change without its troublesome substance. His favorite phrase is the one from his brother's campaign which promises to "get the country moving again"—but where?

American politics have for so long been boring, sexless and wrong that the "youth" image of Bobby may have to produce no more than a vague sense of movement to carry many along. That is, of course, his current strategy. And it stands a good chance of coopting the current mood of dissent with a few choice phrases that appeal to weary liberals, frustrated student radicals and teenyboppers.

When Kennedy asked me if Ramparts ever says anything nice about anyone I replied yes, but we must have something to go on. Robert Kennedy is undoubtedly a very charming and alive man for a politician, but despite all the aura and magic, is relatively unimportant to changing America when judged by past performance. He may become associated with one course of action as opposed to another, but this will be determined by the political pressures which are brought to bear on him. The point is to up the ante.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A Letter from Jail by Jack Ruby



MILTON GLASER

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THERE IT WAS, Parkland Hospital in Dallas, way station to the morgue for the known principals in the Kennedy assassination drama: where John F. Kennedy and Lee Harvey Oswald were pronounced dead and where, last month, Jack Ruby died of a massive blood clot.

His sister, Mrs. Eva Grant, was there on December 10, the day after Ruby was transferred to the hospital from jail; suspicion crackled in her voice as she told reporters, "I'm going to call somebody from Washington to see what made Jack sick." She charged that Ruby had received improper treatment at the county jail.

Ruby, too, was suspicious about his forthcoming death. He expected to be killed because he was a Jew, because he knew something he hadn't told, because he thought people were accusing him of playing a part in the Kennedy assassination. In a letter smuggled out of his cell in the Dallas jail (excerpts of which follow this article), he wrote:

> Now, I know my time is running out. . . . they plan me doing away with. . . . Supposing I prove to be right about not being here much longer. . . . I'm going to die a horrible death anyway. . . .

He wasn't talking about an official execution, because at the same time he was saying that his conviction for the murder of Oswald would be reversed, and no one expected a death penalty at a second trial. As clearly as the letter shows anything, it shows that he expected to die because of what he knew, or what he was thought to have done, or as part of a pogrom; but though he clearly feared these things, we may never know why.

He was always sensitive about being a Jew. A child of Chicago's Jewish ghetto, with an alcoholic father and a mother who went mad, Ruby took to the streets early, ran with the gangs and acquired the skills of the grifter and the street brawler. They called him "Sparky," for his volatility. He was a union organizer; he sold punchboards and busts of FDR, scalped tickets to sporting events, pushed racetrack tip sheets. And with friends, he used to disrupt German-American Bund meetings—occasionally cracking a few heads in the process—and was later notorious in the Army Air Corps for his readiness to respond with his fists to any slighting remark about the Jews.

In 1947 he came to Dallas, where he operated a succession of night clubs over the next 16 years, and his last club, the Carousel, was a hangout for his many friends in the Dallas police department (including Officer J. D. Tippit). His letter from jail lists several Dallas police figures as men to be trusted. At the same time, he seems to have moved easily among underworld figures.

Ruby could play the clown, to perfection. On the evening of Kennedy's assassination Ruby stood on a table in the police station, making notes during Oswald's impromptu "press conference." Asked what he was doing there, Ruby replied, "Translating for a Jewish newspaper."

But if he could be a clown, he was no fool. No one who has read how skillfully Ruby handled the questions of Earl Warren and Congressman Gerald Ford would contend, as some of his lawyers did, that Ruby had lost touch with reality. He led his questioners like sheep, according to his whims, telling them what he wanted to tell them and very little more.

RUBY WASN'T ALL "CON." He could be sincere, or impressionable, or pathetic, or wildly violent. He was known to have brutally beaten with his fists, pistol whipped, blackjacked, brass-knuckled, or hurled down stairs at least 15 persons during his stay in Dallas, escaping conviction each time. On the other hand, his affection for his dog Sheba was legendary, and friends noticed his extraordinary generosity, particularly toward persons in distress. You could always hit Jack for a little pocket money if you were short, and if you needed sympathy, Jack would as likely as not burst into tears.

Apart from petty crimes of violence, illegal liquor sales and pimping, Ruby periodically performed services for the minions of organized crime. A nonsmoking teetotaler who didn't gamble, Ruby knew a number of gamblers, pushers and strong-arm men. He was reported to have served as a contact man in the narcotics trade with Mexico, and as a go-between in a deal to run arms to anti-Castro elements in Cuba. In another episode, in 1959, he contacted a Texan reputed to be a friend of Castro's, and offered $5000 each for the release of three persons in Castro's custody. The money, he said, would come "from Las Vegas."

Jack Ruby never got rich; in fact, he seems to have been constantly in debt. Because of tax difficulties, he habitually carried quantities of cash on his person and in the trunk of his car, and kept more in his apartment. Until the assassination, his friendship with police officers—though it was of value to him in his own dealings—seems to have been motivated as much by a desire to be close to the "action" as by the chance for financial profit.

Once the tragic November weekend had passed, Ruby's speech and writing were dominated by three themes: his fear of being eliminated *in Dallas*, his insistence that he could only tell the whole truth in some other location, and his obsession with an international plot against the Jews. These themes run through the rambling letter from his cell:

> Don't believe the Warren Report. That was only put out to make me look innocent, so that it would throw the Americans and all the European countries off guard.

And in the jail interrogation room, talking with attorney Mel Belli, Ruby suddenly burst out:

> What are we doing, Mel, kidding ourselves? We

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

know I did it for Jackie and the kids. I just went in and shot him. They've got us anyway.

No one connected with the case seriously believed the story about assassinating Oswald so that "Jackie and the kids" would not have to come back for Oswald's trial. In his early FBI interviews, Ruby never mentioned that motive, and Belli thinks that Ruby seized on it later when someone else suggested it to him.

When Ruby talked to the Warren Commission, there were two representatives of the state of Texas present, as well as an assistant district attorney, a Secret Service agent, the local sheriff, and Ruby's Texas attorney, Joe Tonahill. Ruby trusted none of them, including Tonahill. He testified:

> The only thing I want to get out to the public, and I can't say it here, is with authenticity, with sincerity of the truth of everything and why my act was committed, but it can't be said here. It can be said, it's got to be said amongst people of the highest authority . . .

The names of confederates in the killing of Oswald? The plot against the Jews? "Unless you get me to Washington," Ruby said, "you can't get a fair shake out of me." Earl Warren refused to consider Ruby's request.

"He was always talking about the persecution of the Jews," said jail doctor John W. Callahan. "He thought it was the end for the Jews. Armageddon was close. He'd say, 'This is a black day for the Jews.' "

Ruby was profoundly disturbed, not only by Kennedy's death but by the fact that the anti-Kennedy ad in The Dallas Morning News of November 22 was signed with an apparently Jewish name: Bernard Weissman. No one who knew Ruby thought his sudden concern with a right wing threat was an act, despite his consummate acting abilities and the fact that during his past he would have played ball with a right-winger as soon as with anyone else.

At 4:30 a.m. on November 23, Ruby and two friends went out to photograph an "Impeach Earl Warren" billboard which had been in place for months, and then went to the post office, where Ruby looked into the numbered box listed in the ad for Bernard Weissman. He was visibly distressed when he saw how much mail was in it. Later, in jail, Ruby contended that the John Birch Society was falsely accusing him of helping in the assassination—a pretext for exterminating Jews. He testified:

> I am being victimized as part of a plot. . . . At this moment Lee Harvey Oswald isn't guilty of committing the crime of assassinating President Kennedy. Jack Ruby is. How can I fight that, Chief Justice Warren?

Although to a non-professional, Ruby's letter certainly seems to show evidence of paranoia, no one ever diagnosed his troubles that way. Professor Thomas Fiddick offered the explanation that "given the extreme anti-Semitism in Dallas, there was a basis in reality for Ruby's fears: *an actual pogrom was threatened in order to silence Ruby.*" Attorney Mel Belli agreed in an interview last Christmas that Ruby "very definitely had been told about a pogrom against the Jews, and told over and over again until he believed it."

TAKE A CURIOUS, pathetic, violent, unstable man, feisty and belligerent all his life about his Jewish background. Give him a close association for over a decade with law enforcement officers in Dallas, so that even among the delusions of his letter from jail these officers outweigh the list of men "you can trust." Add the constant, frantic insistence that there is another, greater story which cannot be told in Dallas; the fear for his own life; his conviction of a worldwide plot against the Jews, tied to his own role in killing Oswald which observers insist is an idea that must somehow have been planted. Do these elements somehow, fantastically, make a pattern?

They may provide a possible, if astonishing, explanation. But now Jack Ruby is dead, and we have only such strange historical keys as this letter to help us to an eventual understanding of the story of his murder of Lee Harvey Oswald.

The letter which follows is one of two unsigned letters, handwritten in pencil on slips from a memo pad, confiscated by one of Ruby's guards and subsequently smuggled from the jail. They were sold at auction in the Astor Gallery in New York on January 31, 1966, by Charles Hamilton, a reputable autograph dealer who vouched for their authenticity. The purchaser of this one was Texas editor Penn Jones Jr., author of the book *Forgive My Grief*; he paid $950. Ruby's younger brother Sam immediately contacted Jones, and confirmed that Ruby had admitted writing the letter.

With Jones' permission, we are publishing most of the letter (33 pages in its original handwritten form). This is its exclusive publication, and it is presented as Ruby wrote it, without correcting his errors in spelling, grammar or punctuation, without attempting to clarify its ambiguities, contradictions and evident factual errors. It will be remembered that Ruby never went beyond the eighth grade in school.—*by David Welsh*

Ramparts is publishing Jack Ruby's letter as an intriguing historical document, which might provide some insight into Ruby's mind during his time in jail. The editors do not endorse any of the statements in Ruby's letter, many of which are demonstrably inaccurate and untrue.

Most of the names mentioned in the letter have been deleted, in order to avoid injury to the persons named.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Letter:

JOHN,

You must believe what I am about to write to you, and after you have read the contents, try to remember everything, and then destroy same, and whatever you do don't take anyone in your confidence, except the names of the people that I will enclose here, and these try to remember them by going over their names constantly until you are sure that you will remember them.

First, you must realize that the people here want everyone to think I am crazy, so if what I know is actually, and then no one will believe me, because of my supposed insanity.

Now, I know that my time is running out, and that the most that I'll be here will be two or three days more, and they plan me doing away with.

Don't let the smiles etc of the guards fool you.

Supposing I prove to be right about not being here much longer then you will have to believe everything else I'm going to tell you. You have watched my behavior and my actions for some time now, and certainly you have come to the conclusion that I am normal, otherwise you wouldn't have been as kind to me as you have been. So you must make up your mind as to what you think of me.

If you have up to now thought of me as nice person and a very sincere person, then you must believe me that I know what is taking place, and so please with all my heart, you must believe me, because I am counting on you to save this country a lot of blood-shed.

As soon as you get out you must read Texas looks at Lyndon, and it may open your eyes to a lot of things, This man is a NAZI in the worst order.

For over a year now they have been doing away with my people of course you don't read about these things in the paper, they have means and ways of keeping it secret. But supposing you find out when you are released that all of the Jews have been done away with, and after telling you so far in advance, which proves that I must have some knowledge of what is going on . . .

Here is what happened and how I am responsible for this terrible tragedy. To start of with, don't believe the Warren report, that was only put out to make me look innocent, so that it would throw the Americans and all the European country's off guard.

They have found a means and ways to frame me, by deception etc., and they have succeeded in same. ____ _____ were in on it.

Now this is how they did it. They had a guard with me constantly, and this one guard in particular by name of _____ was well versed in the bible, and he started to work on me with the bible routine, and on his person unbeknownist to me he had one of the these wireless speakers, which is very small, and he kept it in his trousers pockets. Everything I said was transmitted into this tiny mike and taken on a taperecorder in another room. Now everything that may incriminating against me they would leave on the recorder, and anything I said that would prove me innocent they would erase from the recorder.

Here is what happened one nite. I was in a very delirious mood of what had transpired in the courtroom that day. That when I had gone back to my cell and had tried to sleep without talking to the guard, and I was very low and crying, and the guard knew I at my lowest, because _____ had told him so. The guard knew I was vulnerable to almost anything. He blurted out Jack aren't you talking to me tonite, and I came to where he was sitting and I fell to the floor and broke down and said that I had sent guns to Cuba, which I had incriminated myself innocently. Now I never did send guns to Cuba. I only built up a guilt complex.

What happened was that a friend of mine by name of _____ called from Havana, Cuba in 1959, that was during peace relations with Cuba, and we really hadn't found out what kind of person Castro was. What this _____ wanted me to do was to call _____ _____ and _____ wanted him to send four Cobra pistols to him, and all I did was to relay the message _____ wanted these guns, because he was managing the gambling casino and wanted some protection for himself his wife and the owners, and that was all I had to do with it . . .

I had blurted out to the guard "that I sent guns to Cuba" which had been played back on a recorder. This and other things that I could have said innocently

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

could have been taken to the army chief of staffs and where they to hear my voice and show and prove that I had been involved in the assination of our President. There are so many tricks that have been played with success that it would take all nite to write them out . . .

Now I believe I've written only part of what I really write about, but I hope it should enlighten you as you as what my problem and were you can be of great value. There would not be any purpose of my writing you all of this, unless you were convinced of how much I loved my country, and why I wouldn't want to do anything to hurt our country, especially our president.

I'm going to die a horrible death anyway, so what would I have to gain by writing all this. So you must believe me.

When you get out, I'm going to give you some names of some people you can trust, you must look these people up and convince them that I am innocent of everything and that I have been framed . . .

Now, here is the plan, someone must get to England and France and Israel and tell the right people what has happened to the Jews so they can prepare them selves from the same thing happening there. They will know that is only one kind of people that would do such a thing, that would have to be the Nazi,s, and that is who is in power in this country right now. If they would kill a man like Jonas Salk, the man responsible for the cure of infantile paralysis, then there it must true what I'm tell you. That is why the President dont want any out of country travelling, because he expects to invade those country's over there. The only countrys which will be safe are the former axis country's, Egypt, Germany, Japan and Italy. Brazil already has been overthrown. The Democratic people of Germany are also going to be slaughtered . . .

Johnson is going try to have an all out war with Russia, and when that happens, Johnson and his cohorts will be on the side-lines where they won't get hurt, while the Americans may get wiped out. The only way this can be avoided is that if Russia would be informed as to the real enemies are, and in that way they wont be tricked into starting a war with the U.S. The war can be avoided this way, because the Russians will tell Johnson that they won't bomb the U.S. but only Brazil Germany, Egypt (who is only faking it this time to be an ally of Russia Don't believe it!!

Japan also is in on the deal, but the old war lords are going to come back. South America is also full of these Nazi's . . .

Round up all of my friends that I mentioned here, and when then they all get together, and they have known me for so many years, and watched my actions and would swear for me that I couldn't anything else but a 100% American. It would'nt to convince them that I had been framed, and if those people were so determined to frame me then you must be convinced that they had an ulterior motive for doing same. There is only one kind of people that would go to such extremes, and that would be the Master Race, who want to make slaves of the rest of the World. Johnson is only faking his friendship for the colored race, don't believe it, that was his strategy to win the election. He also put a lot of Jews in top office positions just make the people believe he was a friend of the Jews. He put Sheldon Cohen to head the Internal Revenue, he knew he was going to get rid of him very shortly. They are going to come out with a story that it was the Minute-men who killed the Jews, dont you believe it, they are using that to cover up for the Nazi's.

One more thing, isn't it strange that Oswald who hasn't worked a lick most of life, should be fortunate enough to get a job at the Book Bldg. two wks. before the president himself didn't know as to when he was to visit Dallas, now were would a jerk like Oswald get the information that the president was coming to Dallas.

Only one person could have had that information, and that man was Johnson who knew weeks in advance as to what was going to happen, because he is the one who was going to arrange the trip for president, This had been planned long before the president himself knew about, so you figure that one out. The only one who gained by the shooting of the president was Johnson, and he was in a car in the rear and safe when the shooting took place.

What would the Russians, Castro or anyone else have to gain by eliminating the President. If Johnson was so heartbroken over Kennedy, why didn't he do something for Robert Kennedy? all he did was snub him . . .

Bring these facts up to _____ that I had been to the Western Union to send money to the showgirl in Ft. Worth, that was at 11:17 A.M. Sunday, which was stamped on the receipt, and at a little before 11.21 A.M. I shot Oswald, and it took just that amount of time to walk the distance from the Western Union to the bottom of the ramp, tell them to check the distance and to time it, it is right on the fraction of a second, I could never have timed it that close and been in on a conspiracy. also if I in on something why would I have accepted a phone call at 10:50 at my apartment from the girl. A man that had planned something that Sunday morning, dont accept phone calls . . .

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Dear Yevgeny Aleksandrovich:

I WAS AMONG THOSE 1800 poetry lovers who applauded your reading at Wheeler Auditorium in Berkeley, on December 9th (1966).

In America, the opportunity to have a look at a "political poet" is very rare. In this country, poets are either apolitical ("a plague on both their whoring houses!") or political only in a strictly ceremonial sense, à la Robert Frost blessing the Kennedy inauguration or Robert Lowell damning Lyndon Baines Johnson by absenting himself from that President's reception.

You, however, are perhaps currently the best known product of the Marxist literary tradition which trains and treats writers like civil servants; supporting them with state funds, and in return expecting them to serve society with their poetry and prose. To a writer like myself, raised under the literary free enterprise system, the concept of a political poet who is not compromised by politics is utterly alien, difficult to accept.

Everything that I know about America, you understand, has led me to believe that a good poet is a born outlaw, and that a *really* good poet is the natural enemy of the state. Poets, it has always seemed to me, were unpredictable, unemployable and anachronistic.

Yet, Yevtushenko is a "state poet," but not a party hack. A great crowd pleaser, but not a clown. And, above all, he is a writer, concerned with the *integrity* of politics. In my experience, this area is pre-empted by scholars, historians, scientists; men who pride themselves on objectivity and detached, passionless analysis. But here is Yevtushenko, involved in the ethics of politics, yet obviously a man of tender sensibilities: a humanist, a communist and an existentialist. Can such an ideal hybrid exist? So many conflicting facts and fictions. The poet as a responsible citizen, contributing directly to his time and place on earth instead of writing for himself alone, for his own secret heart; instead of leaving his poetry to chance and posterity. Try to understand that solipsism is the standard by which we measure Western literature's integrity. But socialist poets, yourself included, are public servants.

Can such a poet be real, or is he the figment of some socialist's propaganda mill? We are very cynical in America, and we have very good reason to be.

BRILLIANT AND BEAUTIFUL you are, dear Zhenya, yet one is not altogether convinced. Your tour of America, your comments and your silences, leave me suspecting that your personification as a Marxist poet was not altogether a triumph. You see, we, your American brothers, need something that you reputedly could have given us. You, poet and revolutionist, we expected something from you. Something like a social context . . . so difficult to say exactly what we were hoping for, and where you failed us, if you failed us. Please understand that I am not criticizing you: not yet. I am merely attempting to add to your comprehension of America, a most mysterious nation. I hope you can learn to understand, because we are a morality lesson, an example for the entire world. I have high hopes for you: at the conclusion of your excellent performance in Berkeley, you told us that you were returning to Russia where you would write a book about your impressions and experiences in this country. This book, you promised, ". . . would not be strawberry jam."

I rather believe you, Yevgeny Aleksandrovich. I believe that you are an honest man, a true poet and not a manufacturer of strawberry jam. So I write to you now on behalf of truth, poetry and America: three extraordinary abstractions. Not that I question your own considerable powers of observation, your sensitivity, your perception. Still, America is such a tangled skein. Appearances are so deceptive, and sensations so artificial in a nation so alienated from reality. I don't for a moment doubt your sincer-

by Stephen Schneck

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Yevtushenko at Berkeley

ity, but I can't help wondering if you really understand.

I began to have my doubts last summer when you wrote your celebrated poem-letter to John Steinbeck, asking that "old wolf" to show his teeth and publicly denounce the crimes against humanity in general, and against the Vietnamese people in particular, which were being committed by his government, in his name, in the name of all Americans. You asked Steinbeck to lend his voice and prestige to the chorus of distinguished Americans who had already made public their dissent and disgust with the genocidal policies the U.S. government is pursuing in Vietnam.

Your letter was so sincere, your sentiments so obviously humane, your approach to Steinbeck so straightforward. . . . Dear Zhenya, forgive me, but when I read the transcript of that letter, I felt like patting you on the head. It was a lovely letter and you are a lovely man, but there is a great deal about America and the American ambience that you don't seem to grasp. Beginning with Steinbeck.

Naturally, Steinbeck let you down. But that is one of the conditions of contemporary American life. It is no good appealing to the "old wolves," anymore. It should be perfectly obvious that most of them have survived too long on a stupefying diet of sugared frustration, conspicuous over-consumption of compromise, and freedom of speech . . . into a deaf ear. Their teeth, in most cases, have simply rotted away; and as wolves, they are pussycats. The simple fact is, in America today, our fathers do not support us. With a few exceptions they are entirely out of touch with our reality. I am not referring to the normal gulf between every generation, but to a rift far deeper, far more significant, and apparently irreconcilable.

So you wrote your letter; six months have passed; Steinbeck copped out; the U.S. government's aggression in Vietnam not only continues but escalates daily. These are the facts of the matter. And here is one more fact: note it well if you wish to truly understand the climate of America. *Even if Steinbeck had spoken up,* if he had written and published a strong statement of conscience, expressing disapproval of this government's Asian policy, even if he had written this and 50 more statements of the same nature, *it wouldn't have made a goddamn bit of difference.*

Don't you understand how it is with us here in America, Yevgeny Aleksandrovich? Our writers, especially our poets, are entirely free to write what they please about politics and even about politicians. But this freedom is entirely relative. In fact, it isn't freedom at all, it is *indifference* that permits our literature such latitude, for America, you should know by now, simply does not take her poets very seriously.

Perhaps that is why we have so few serious poets. And the ones we do have usually end up like your friend Steinbeck, betraying themselves and their ideals, not out of cowardice (after all, there is no punishment) but because

Photograph by Gerhard Gscheidle

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

of failure of intellect. In America we reach the limits of imagination as soon as we reach for our morning newspaper. As soon as we see where we are at, we go blind. Better minds than Steinbeck's have been blown by the American Dream and the American Reality. There is a long list of voices that became prematurely hoarse, or overly strident, shrill and ineffective, or precious and remote, or simply just old, too old too soon. According to the Talmud, *a man should not live long enough to see himself die* . . . but then, who reads the Talmud anymore? Who counts the numbers of dead poets walking around America today?

OF COURSE we both know that poetry is the riskiest business: none of us are going to get out of it alive. It is dangerous to be a poet in Russia or in Paris or in Peking; and it is equally dangerous in America, but for altogether different reasons. You must understand these reasons, Zhenya, if you are to understand us.

Your government severely punishes poets who deviate from what the bureaucracy designates the "official" reality. My government ignores such poets. In your opinion, which is worse? Which tactic more effectively destroys the poet who offends?

In America, we take our poets for fools, freaks and misfits. To some extent, we get what we expect. Our best and most popular artists are absurdists, bitter clowns, black humorists; and most of their poetry is not written for people, but for other poets. In Russia, on the other hand, you have a government that sends rebellious writers to Siberia, thereby promoting the poet to the honorable rank of Dangerous Man, a Threat (first class) to the state.

I am personally convinced that poets—good poets—*are dangerous*. A good poet is a menace to the *status quo* and to its bureaucratic perpetrators. But not in America, not really. I sincerely envy your privileged position as a Russian poet. You have the good fortune to live in a land where you face prison each time you write a political poem. They (your government, my government, it is always the same *they*) are afraid of you. Because your government took you seriously enough to reprimand you, a few years ago, I suspect that my government might also take you seriously, today.

Tovarishch Yevtushenko, if you truly love America, I beg you to write us a poem that disturbs our mediocre Congress and annoys our brutal President. Do for us what we cannot do for ourselves. An American poet hasn't a chance with American politicians. Despite what Senator Kennedy told you about his personal predilection for poets who like politicians, most of his colleagues got as far as Carl Sandburg (in a college literary course), and couldn't care less. Our bureaucracy, like our poetry, does not attract many men of culture. Our politicians may read Steinbeck, for entertainment, but they don't read Marianne Moore or John Berryman or Robert Duncan, Robert Penn Warren or W. H. Auden. Why should they? In America, when one doesn't like a writer's sentiments, one simply doesn't read that writer's work. Why should LBJ read William Carlos Williams or Hubert Humphrey read E. E. Cummings? ("A politician is an ass/upon which everything has sat/except a man.")

But they will read what a Russian poet writes. The insular stupidity of our politicians, and their anti-communist psychosis is your *entrée*. How will you utilize this opportunity to reach those closed minds in Washington? Can you rhyme the burning babies of Vietnam with America, the Beautiful? Can you infuriate them? Can you frighten them? Can you open their eyes to the horror they are making all America responsible for?

No, of course you can't. You must understand that nothing you write about America will really matter very much. Understand that, and you will realize why American literature is surfeited with either the grotesque, the fruits of anomie, or else with the weary, self-conscious righteousness affected by impotent authors, ineffectual men of good will and no influence.

Still, Yevgeny Aleksandrovich, if you can write a poem packed with *plastique*, a poem that goes off with a big bang, a great explosion to expiate the great American guilt complex; then we, your American brothers, would be so very grateful. We will be your grateful dead. You can't help us; but you might comfort a couple of us. America is the loneliest nation in the world.

AS I SAID BEFORE, you are a very rare bird, Tovarishch Yevtushenko. Of course, we have our own rare birds, but due to the American climate and prevailing winds, most of our best birds fly backwards. No blame on their heads. After all, there are certain facts that decent, sensitive men can face for just so long, and then there comes the point when foreign poets must flee, and indigenous poets must turn their backs on reality, American Marines, Cardinal Spellman and Bob Hope, Port Chicago, all of it. You see, in America today, every adult citizen is *guilty*. We all know that. The only guiltless Americans are those two Quakers who immolated themselves last year, leaving the rest of us to share the national guilt, and the national terror, the American malaise, and perdition.

I understand that you had the opportunity to sample some very mild (fortunately) examples of this mood, this agonized, ineffectual (definitely less than loving), irrational America. They tell me that you were heckled a little

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

in New York. What did you think of that, Zhenya? Members of the Progressive Labor Party and other American radicals heckling *you*, a real communist, and a poet to boot. Didn't that make you wonder what the hell was going on in America? What were these people thinking about when they demanded you take a stronger, louder, more vituperative line against their government's dirty war in Vietnam?

Of course the whole world knows where you stand. It would hardly have been intelligent to attack American policy while you were a guest of this nation. But these extraordinary demands made upon you by those who obviously admired you should indicate the extreme hostility (self-hate) and awful inarticulate outrage that are consuming the intelligentsia of America. Those who aren't raving are catatonic; there is no rational center, you must have noticed that while you were here. Do accept my apologies for a few discourteous countrymen of mine. But I'm certain you were not much upset by them. I am anxious only for you to understand them; then you can understand our predicament, our desperate predicament. Imagine, my excellent Yevgeny Aleksandrovich, it was your poetic abuse and personal scorn that these dissidents craved, and not your considerable charm. They did not want poems about anything but blood and Vietnam. To oblige them would have been an obvious and only mildly perverse gesture, accomplishing absolutely nothing except your immediate departure from these lands.

Quite sensibly, you have written, "*What good is a noisy poet? Better a poet with a silencer.*" But you musn't expect lyrical aphorisms to calm desperate Americans. What good is a silencer unless it is attached to a gun? And being Americans, with our Wild West traditions, they wanted you to draw your gun of poetry and go down shooting. Our hairy Ginsberg would have done so, as would our local foul mouth lion poet, M. McClure.

Zhengy, I tell you they, we, are crazy here! On both sides. On all sides. . . !

But you can understand our need for an explosion. Something to take the unbearable pressure off America. (Did you feel faint while you were here?)

Of course you understand from the poet who wrote, "*Poetry / is no chapel of peace / Poetry / is a savage war,*" many naive souls expect instant combat.

Take the political situation at Berkeley, for example. I believe you were aware that this campus, the last on your reading tour, is probably the most politically oriented campus in America. At any rate, it is certainly the campus of instant gratification through instant confrontation, and the titular home of the nation's student movement. At Berkeley, you did not want for "young wolves," yet you did not even acknowledge their existence, and this disappointed many of them, for you are nearly a hero to them. They wanted you to . . . God knows what was expected of you. Still, there had been a student strike only the week before, and serious consequences are still in the offing. You know of course, these, your true "young wolves," are more important than Steinbeck, more important by far. They are, after all, our last visible hope in hell. They were the shock troops of the civil rights battles and they are the backbone of the peace movement . . . If there is anything decent and young in old, ugly, psychotic America, it is probably the student activists of the University of California at Berkeley.

You really should have tipped your hat to them, dear Tovarishch Yevtushenko. Even the quickest of winks would have been picked up and appreciated . . . Or did you think that whole crowd, a thousand in Wheeler auditorium and another thousand down in Dwinelle Hall watching your performance on closed circuit TV, was wholly in tribute to your poetry?

(Let me tell you right off, in their English translations, your poetry is less than inspired; your translators have done you no great service. But your concern with liberty, your love and courage shine through. Aided, of course, by public knowledge of your personal courage, demonstrated and duly reported.)

Of course, you mustn't misunderstand me. The only ones who give a damn who you are and what you said and what you might have said are the most radical element in America, rebels and extremists and protesters; a handful of artists, a few pacifists, some reporters, and a couple of cranks.

In other words, your brothers.

I'LL TELL YOU THE TRUTH, Tovarishch Yevtushenko, I sometimes waste whole days wondering what one would have to write to produce an effect. It is enough to make an American writer turn to a Russian writer and say we have no more words. Our poetry is too bitter to put in our mouths. Perhaps you will say it for us.

Do you recall the statement made by your great short story writer, Isaac Babel, at the International Congress of Writers at Moscow in 1932? It is particularly pertinent in America today. Babel said, "...we writers still have one important freedom left, and that is the freedom to be silent."

By our silence, Tovarishch Yevtushenko, you shall know that there are still poets and literary men of conscience in America. Will you speak up for us?

Stephen Schneck's first novel, The Nightclerk (*Grove Press*) *won the 1966 Formentor Prize.*

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

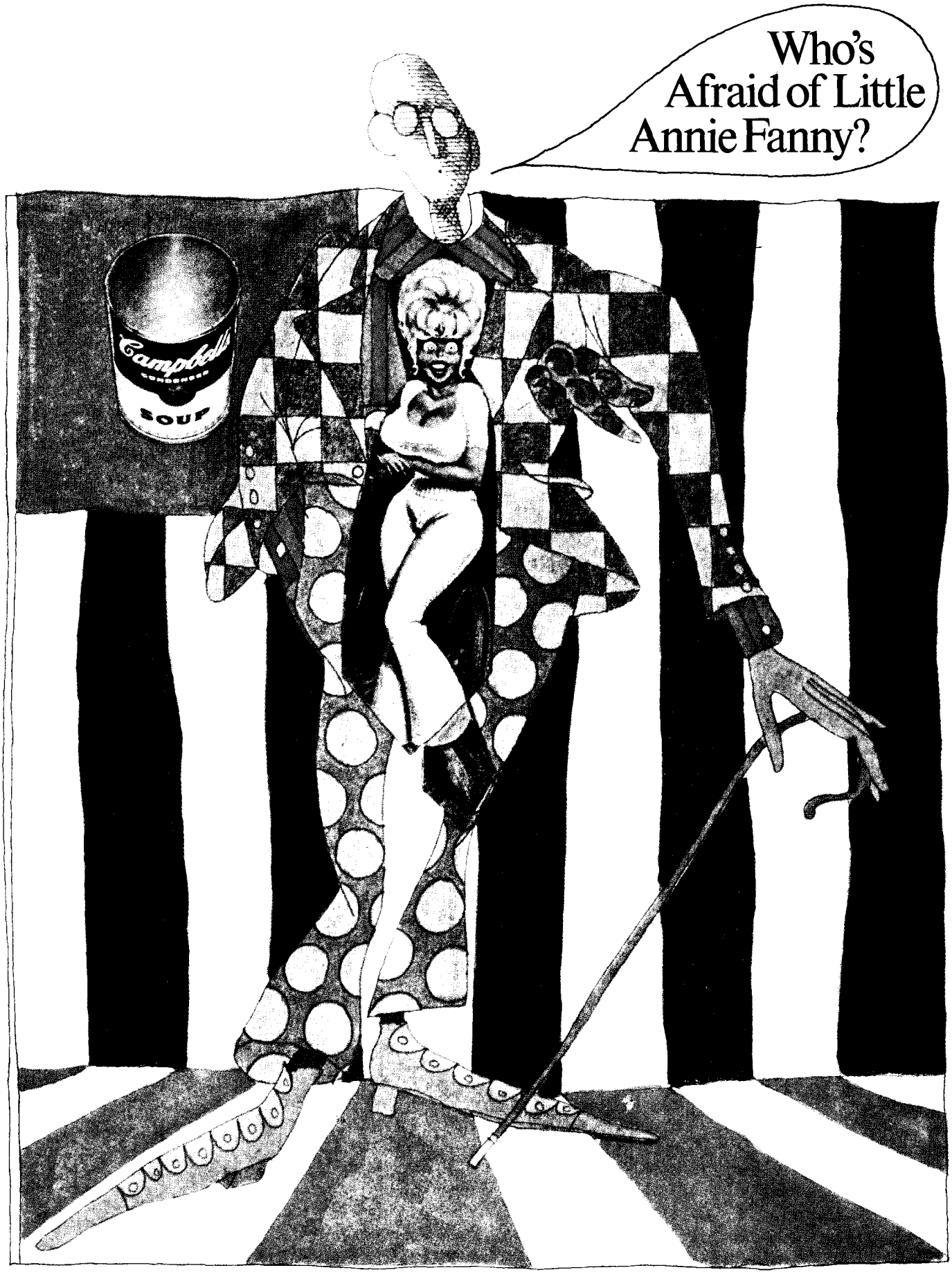


Illustration by Megan Blue

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Hey, lover, dig the old Jack Oakie poster.
Or: Isn't the fine art spread in the Christmas Playboy a *scream*?
Or: Really, Harry, *nobody* has a room in Chinese Modern.
Or: I'll have what you're having, but make mine with Metaxa.
Or: Who's afraid of Virginia Woolf?
People, I have had it. I really, honestly, truly don't care what you do with your spare time, but if you are homosexual will you kindly let somebody else play with a piece of the culture for a while?

by Gene Marine

LET ME PUT THINGS STRAIGHT (my God, even the language) for you and the libel lawyers. I don't absolutely know for certain the names of any famous homosexuals, though I probably make the same guesses you do, and if I did know any for certain, I wouldn't tell you. As far as I know, Edward Albee is a square family man, Andy Warhol is afflicted with satyriasis and California has no homosexuality south of the Santa Ynez River. I couldn't care less.

All I know is, there is a thing that men and women do together which, besides being necessary to the continuance of the species, is regarded by a lot of Americans, possibly even a majority, as a lot of fun. I have begun to doubt whether an anthropologist from another planet, here on a short visit, would ever figure that out.

When I was 14 or so I read James M. Cain's *Serenade*, including the part where the guy explains to the girl that we all have five or ten per cent of "that" in us, and I gave a huge sigh of relief and quit worrying about it. I don't mean that all the hangups went away; I, too, grew up in a culture that told me to be a man, son, and sock the kid back. No doubt there are still things going on underneath my consciousness that I don't know about, but I find a kind of wry humor in heterosexual types being afraid to write about homosexual types for fear they'll give something away about themselves. If you're big on long-distance second-hand psychoanalysis, have at it; you have as much right as Freud had to psychoanalyze Wilson, though probably not the skill.

Anyway, I have at least reached the point at which, when I see a friend I haven't seen in months, I can put my arms around him without glancing about to see who's watching. I have held another man in my arms to give him comfort in sorrow, and been held in sorrow of my own. I can feel, and admit to feeling, the sexual attraction of other men as well as the next cat.

But there are two things. One: I like women. Not like "I like girls," with a snigger; I like women. And two: I write things down and bitch a little about how things are, but I don't shape culture.

I wish I did. I'm getting damned tired of all the art being campy and all the plays being queer and all the clothes being West Fourth Street and the whole bit. *Some* I don't mind, but it's getting too close to *all*, and I have the feeling that there are healthier bases for a culture.

Kindly save the letter about your brother-in-law the interior decorator who is absolutely straight and has three lovely children. The only playwright I know really well is so virile that I don't know when he has time to write, and he has a play running in its second year in New York. The heterosexual artists I know have trouble getting into galleries, but I'm sure you know one who doesn't.

But really. Take a look around, at anything. Say "homosexual influence" to a very square solid citizen and he will of course come up with long-haired hippies and rock-and-roll and paisley belts on men's trousers, which will only prove that he doesn't know much about hippies or rock-and-roll, and he isn't paying attention to who's wearing the paisley belts (he'll be wearing one next year). Aside from noting that hippies are more influenced by than they influence the culture, I'll just say that the Greenwich Village scene and the Haight-Ashbury in San Francisco are not what I'm talking about—such negative comments being necessary to an approach to what I *am* talking about.

If you need a key to what I am talking about, take a look at the whole American culture, and focus on the portrayal, the image, the treatment, the presentation of women. I'm going to make a distinction later on among ways of putting down women—the homosexual way and the simple, male-dominated, male-chauvinistic way—but for the moment let's just say that there's a difference between affectionate indifference and a few male stereotypes on the one hand, and absolute contempt on the other.

When was the last time you saw a more or less con-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

temporary play with a reasonably pleasant, important, intelligent adult woman in it—a woman who obviously had the respect of the playwright? Leave out "Luv"—whatever that woman is, she's a satirical creation, a Shavian type rather than a person (although the play had its inevitable faggoty gags).

You'll be left with the Negro women (in "Raisin in the Sun," in Douglas Turner Ward's off-Broadway plays, in "The Owl and the Pussycat") and the landlady in "Serjeant Musgrave's Dance," and that's about it, friend. Even black women don't necessarily make it: see for instance "The Amen Corner," and forget the middle-aged white reviews about the "heroic" figure; look at it for yourself.

Even the light-hearted musicals, aimed at the Great Square from Hicksville, display more and more contempt for women. See "The Apple Tree"; sure, it's *funny*, but in every one of its three parts it's funny at the *woman's* expense. Even in "Funny Girl," Fanny Brice was turned into a pathetic woman, instead of a contemptible slob, by Barbra Streisand, not by the script.

In the meantime, do we need Dr. Fredric Wertham to talk about the subsurface of "The Odd Couple (!)" or "Superman?" Or even "The Zulu and the Zayda?"

So what's the point? A lot of playwrights are homosexual?

Yes, a lot of playwrights are homosexual, but no, that's not the point. I wouldn't give up Oscar Wilde for the world. The point is that homosexual playwrights and homosexual directors and homosexual producers are having more and more to say about what can and what can't be done in an American theater.

As Stanley Kauffmann pointed out before The New York Times accepted his resignation with a gesture that looked suspiciously like a bum's rush (the Trib folded and there was Walter Kerr looking for a job), our idolize-the-Marine-Corps culture still won't let the homosexual playwright simply come out and be a homosexual playwright, like LeRoi Jones is a Negro playwright or Peter Weiss is a left-of-center playwright. The homosexual has to write, as it were, in disguise—so he writes about men and women, but they come out weirdly flawed.

You start with an in-groupy thing, and pretty soon you have a standard. Joe Straight comes up with a serious play and the producer—who either *is* or can see how it's going—says, "No, baby, you gotta make that broad bitchier." It becomes a circle. It's not that more and more playwrights are queer; it's that more and more playwrights write plays as though they were.

"Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf?" is a fine play and a good movie, and I wouldn't change a line even if I thought I could write well enough. But it bugs me to see Martha and Sister George and Lois Lane and Sweet Charity as the only women on the contemporary American stage. It's the way I feel about the collapse of the Herald-Tribune; I love and admire the Times, but I certainly don't want it to be the only paper in town.

PEOPLE WHO KNOW MORE ABOUT IT than I do (of whom there are more than two or three) tell me that it's even worse in the world of art—by which I mean painting and sculpture. The galleries take what the decorators want them to take, and the decorators want them to take their gay friends. So okay, Leonardo DaVinci was maybe gay. But if memory serves me, Goya wasn't. I like them both.

Certainly what is *happening* in art is homosexual, whether the artists are or not. Consider, for example, the aforementioned Christmas issue of Playboy, in which a number of prominent artists were invited (for a sizable fee, I trust) to "interpret" the Playboy Playmate. Two of them—including Salvador Dali—appear to have some respect for women.

Sure, they're putting on Playboy and the whole Playmate thing, too (and Playboy may be putting us all on by its choice of artists), and maybe it's a bad example. But I don't think so, because there are ways and ways of putting somebody or something on (and of choosing artists), and the way you use tells us something about you. I think the difference between the work of, say, Dali and, say, James Rosenquist is a little more than technically stylistic.

I've never bought an original painting in my life; I quite possibly never will, and I can skip the three art pages in Time. It would be fair to ask what the hell I care what happens in the galleries. I'll tell you.

If Op, Pop and whatever are going over in the galleries, then Op, Pop and whatever are what I'm going to get in six out of every seven magazine advertisements, billboard designs, direct mail throwaways, window displays and—Heaven help us—art directors' layouts. Let the galleries go cute, campy and swish, and most of the 1600 external impingements on my consciousness that happen every day, day in and day out, will go cute, campy and swish, too. Which they have.

Again, I'm not talking about the hippie scene. I'm talking about that great big world out there: Madison Avenue and Television City and the New York Times Magazine.

I can stand being surrounded, for the duration of a fad, with shimmering black and white squares or rectangles or spirals, or with comic-strip-type drawings speaking to each other in ballooned exclamations, or with every fourth display line being set in Cooper Black. What I can't stand —and I don't think a healthy culture can either—is the continuing and growing tendency to regard women as the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

toys and the objects of sneering men, useful and sometimes ornamental, but forever beneath contempt.

That's what's happening, people. Thumb your way through a New Yorker. As long as you're up, get me a Grant's. I'll have whatever you're having (but make it with Metaxa). Give him Madame Rochas—a few drops at a time.

Give it to him all at once and he's likely to run out of the room in a snit.

No, really, it's too much, and it matters little that a lot of females seem to like it, are at least willing to let it happen and sometimes appear eager to help. Females are as much affected by their environment as males, and rebels by definition are a minority. Think about the pointed shoes of not very long ago. Think about miniskirts, and all the clothes designed to look absolutely correct on either seven-year-old girls or young boys—but sold to grown women. You think the guys who do that don't *know* what they're doing?

It is already bad enough in our society for women, as Eve Merriam and Betty Friedan and others have told us, whether we choose to listen or not. They are as badly stereotyped as any racial minority, subject always to a culture completely dominated by male values so pervasive we usually don't even think about them. A woman in college who has serious intellectual ambitions soon learns that there are only a few fields in which she can hope for any real advancement; a woman in any kind of business career soon learns that there are hardly any. Our movies, our light fiction, our advertising has always reflected a certain approved selection of male and female roles, to the detriment of the female.

As an aside, I'd guess that one of the reasons hippies are so disliked and misinterpreted, and so often called queer, is not that their sex lives are so different, but just that they regard the external appurtenances of their sex roles—including the way they're supposed to wear their hair—as irrelevant to reality.

IN ANY CASE, the impact of homosexuality on our culture puts down women in a different way. Instead of indifference, there is contempt. Instead of an unthinking assignment of women to a few approved roles, there is a calculated portrayal of women as members of a vicious, unhuman separate species. Instead of advertisements featuring sexually attractive women as an aid to sales, there is an increasing reliance on women as mere sexual objects, as disposable as Kleenex and rather less important.

The trouble is, this didn't happen yesterday, and it isn't going to go away tomorrow. Whatever it may be doing to the colors of our walls and the images in our contemporary theater, the homosexual cultural takeover is turning a society that was sexually sick to begin with into a pathological horror.

Probably the principal difference between foreign and American movies, for example, is that in foreign movies—granting the occasional "La Dolce Vita" or "Night Games"—there are a surprising number of reasonably healthy grown women: Monica Vitti, Anouk Aimee, Ingrid Thulin (usually), Melina Mercouri, Jeanne Moreau. Regardless of their stereotypical roles, American movies used to have grown women too: Bette Davis, Joan Crawford, Ingrid Bergman, Greta Garbo, Greer Garson, Deborah Kerr. Today, we can't even import the foreign ones: Mercouri had to be a nymphomaniac in "Topkapi," Moreau appeared in "The Train" only to tell Burt Lancaster to hide upstairs.

America now offers, instead, the pseudo-women in "The Group" or "An American Dream" or "The Wild Angels," the women-as-objects of "The Silencers" or "Our Man Flint" (in the latter of which, one of the plot gimmicks was that the nasties were going to take Flint's girl friends and convert them by surgery into the faceless pleasure objects they already were when the movie began). There is a slim, boyish Audrey Hepburn, but there are no more Katharines.

Again, it isn't just the male-dominated culture; that we've always had, and still have—Mary Poppins alias Doris Day. And it's in some foreign movies too: "Darling" is certainly a male-oriented movie (in which the "bad" girl gets her comeuppance at the end for daring to have the same attitude toward sex that all the men in her environment have), but its heroine is also a three-dimensional person, treated with respect by the writer and director. Such women have disappeared from the American film, and in their place is the young actress who simply lies around waiting for Dean Martin to walk by and order her to shine his shoes.

There are still a few grown women around in one-shot television dramas (Stirling Silliphant used to write them into "Naked City" and "Route 66" whenever he had a chance), but there, too, the pattern now comes from "Burke's Law" and "The Man from U.N.C.L.E." Possibly because television still aims at a less urban audience, there are more of the old simple stereotypes around, vacuous nonentities like Lassie's mother or Kitty in "Gunsmoke." But now we also get pseudo-Lesbians like the Barbara Stanwyck role in "The Big Valley," and dozens of the disposable, beneath-contempt women of the spy spoofs.

It's interesting to note that the best of the spy shows—despite all kinds of outright sexual gags and a lot of camp jokes—is the British series, "The Avengers," in which the hero invariably has a genuine respect for his companion

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

and in which the heroine, hippy and unbelievable as she is, is a grown-up and real woman all the same. At the far end of the television spectrum is of course "Batman"; but even eschewing the obvious comment, watch it some time just to see how the few women who appear are portrayed.

You can take almost any part of the culture, and there it is, in bold lavender. Dance and interior design, fashions (women's *and* men's), music—especially outside the relatively virile jazz and rock fields—and music promotion, novels and poetry, little theater and magazines.

Probably the ultimate homosexual force in our society (I don't mean the most important, just the illustratively ultimate), and the one whose evolution best demonstrates the shift from a simply male-dominated society toward one that holds its women in faggoty contempt, is Playboy, the mass magazine of airbrushed sex. I'm told that a great many women read it, but if that's true, it's a fact I don't understand. They might as well be tied down and whipped. The black-nylon girlie magazines at least appeal to a male prurient interest in *women*; Playboy instead invites its child-male readers to spend thousands of dollars on appurtenances and thousands of hours on techniques, for seducing hairless and apparently brainless little girls.

This continuing monthly insult could be borne, even by the women in our culture—few and diminishing as they are—if it were less insidious. Unfortunately, America has all too many females willing to look at Playmates and Vargas drawings, Feiffer camp jokes and Little Annie Fanny, and to say to themselves, "This must be what men want." I have it on reliable authority that there is a growing number of men in New York—by which I mean males in their late twenties—who are insisting that their *inamoratae* shave all the hair off their bodies, more nearly to resemble the ideal female of their lovers' dreams.

THE EFFECT OF ALL THIS on our culture, were it not tragic, would be in some areas hilarious. Take for example the very straight suburban middle-class male, with conventional if somewhat distorted ideas about sex and, probably, an abhorrence of fags. He himself is already so bankrupt culturally that if a magic wand were to take away the homosexual influence on the products he chooses to buy, the plays and movies he chooses to see, the appearance of his split-level house, the clothes he wears, and the women he wants to be around, he would be left totally naked and alone in the silence of an empty housing tract.

Yes, I know Playboy publishes all the greatest living writers, and if you think that's how they sell umpty million copies then let's talk about something else, shall we? Anyway, I don't want to censor Playboy, which is kind of fun, any more than I want to raid the Mattachine Society or ban Tchaikowsky, Rimbaud, Baudelaire, Goethe, Wagner, Shelley, Proust and Gide. I don't want to censor anybody.

I just don't want anybody to censor me.

I am wholeheartedly in favor of legalizing any activity that takes place between consenting adults in private (not just between "male adults," either, as the newspapers tell me the British Parliament did it), and a lot of it in public. I think that in the field of civil liberties, homosexuals are by far the most persecuted of our minorities, and I get just as indignant about it as you do. I think that if a guy wants to go to bed with another guy, or with his teddy bear for that matter, that's his business, and I couldn't care less.

Beyond that, there have always been a lot of homosexuals in the arts, and there probably always will be. It seems to come with the lease, and it's not necessarily "bad." We, in fact, make it worse than it is—as Kauffmann said—by forcing homosexuals to work in disguise. When we do that, we can't scream about hidden homosexual influence; in that sense, I'm not screaming.

I can take Pop and Op, and Little Annie Fanny, and even Playmates. I *like* Feiffer, and blown-up Bogie posters, and a lot of camp humor, and I probably would have had a good time at Truman's party. It's just that I want heterosexual artists to hang in galleries *too*, and to have their effect on art direction and advertising. I want heterosexual playwrights to write about other kinds of women besides dolts and bitches, and I would like some movies and some television plays not to be full of campy nonsense and the eternal, contemptuous put-down of females. If the kids in the next block want to play a game confined to their block, fine. But if they're going to use the park that belongs to the whole neighborhood, then I think the kids from my block ought to get to play too. That's the beef.

And the reason for the beef is that, while we can take the fads—we always have—I don't think we can take the treatment of women. I recognize the right of the homosexual to do what he wants to do with his own life; but I still know, and you do too, that it's an adolescent way of life with adolescent values, and my world is bad enough already.

I don't want my daughter to grow up thinking that men want a Playmate. I contemplate with horror a world in which her relationships with men will have to be accompanied by hi-fi rituals, the odor of Piping Rock cologne and three paragraphs of the Playboy Philosophy. Being a full-grown heterosexual and not in the least ashamed of it, I'd rather have full-grown women look their age, give me my Madame Rochas all at once, and come complete with pubic hair.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Intellectuals

Portraits by David Stone Martin

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

[I. THE TRIUMPH OF HERMAN KAHN]

PERHAPS NEVER BEFORE or since has one intellectual treated the work of another with so much open contempt, as scientist-mathematician James Newman treated Herman Kahn's *On Thermonuclear War* in a 1961 epic in the Scientific American. "Is there really a Herman Kahn?" Newman demanded, and then went on, "It is hard to believe. Doubts cross one's mind from the first page of this deplorable book: no one could write like this; no one could think like this. Perhaps the whole thing is a staff hoax in bad taste."

There was, and is, a Herman Kahn. But in his presence it is hard to think of the horror of nuclear war, bleak underground shelter life, firestorms, death, destruction. The real Herman Kahn is fat, soft, warm, reasonable and fun.

When he talks to you in his heavy big-city gutturals, he is quick and brilliantly argumentative, reading your thoughts, anticipating your arguments, almost patronizingly, like a Jewish uncle telling you what the world is really like. He makes the fallout shelters and the anti-missile systems sound very matter of fact, almost pleasant.

If James Newman's language seems moralistic and somewhat old-fashioned today, it is a mark of the triumph of the intellectual style that Kahn pioneered. He is today a respected member of the intellectual community, equally at home with Robert McNamara or A. J. Muste or Timothy Leary. The Newmans, not the Kahns, are looked upon today as freaks for their insistence that there is a moral dimension to the activities of Kahn and his fellows.

In fact, Kahn has literally become institutionalized. After the publication of his book and the blossoming of his reputation, Kahn started his own "think tank"—the Hudson Institute, where he reigns today as director and resident intellectual godfather. The Institute, like Kahn himself, is representative of the comfortable liberal style of the American way of defense. You approach it along a winding country road through New York's picturesque Westchester County, overlooking the Hudson River, and find the Institute on the grounds of an old manorial estate. The main headquarters for the researchers is an elegant Tudor mansion. If you think of war or weapons at all, it is only because the site reminds you of one of those OSS training schools out of World War II movies.

The physical comforts are matched by an atmosphere of intellectual dynamism. In the thickly carpeted interior of the main house, and in the comfortable offices and seminar rooms, the staff members—in pipe-smoking, slacks-and-sweater informality—exchange ideas and spirited dialogue, and work together on group projects to provide government agencies with far-ranging critiques of their military posture and strategies.

The political atmosphere is a practical, tough-minded liberalism. Many of the staff are highly critical of the general conduct of American foreign policy; some are deeply opposed to the war in Vietnam. Anthony Wiener, a young political scientist who came to Hudson from MIT and who functions as Kahn's assistant director, told me, "We don't see any contradiction between being opposed to some aspects of American policy and yet offering our services to the Defense Department. We think our work helps improve the intellectual climate around policy decisions, and helps make defense policy more thoughtful."

Wiener and several other staff members, in a group conversation, supported the opinion offered by Kahn that the whole desegregation problem in the South could have been solved if, in 1954, the civil rights organizations had accepted the offer of Southern governors to start desegregating one grade per year. It was another example of the pragmatic quality of their liberalism—and of a belief in techniques and gimmicks as whole solutions to deep-rooted social problems.

Kahn seems dedicated to intellectual diversity. Hudson has had on its staff a pacifist totally committed to a principled non-violent approach to problems of international security; and on its public advisory board appears the name of the venerable radical pacifist A. J. Muste. But if Hudson has some special intellectual qualities, it is not much different formally from the hundreds of other non-profit corporations in the defense advisory business that have come to be known as think tanks. The prototype, and still the most influential, is the RAND Corporation of Santa Monica, California, organized in 1946 by Air Force General "Hap" Arnold. Scientists attracted to the Air Force during the war were about to get away to civilian working conditions and pay; with RAND Arnold found a way to provide these amenities for them and yet have the results of their work available to the Air Force on an exclusive basis.

Most of RAND's work for most of its history was for the Air Force. In the early years, the problems were relatively narrow, technical and weapons-oriented—though RAND tried to stay several years ahead of current developments. As the Cold War became more expansive and seemingly permanent, so did RAND; more social scientists came to its beachside California headquarters to work on the political and economic problems of Cold War conflict. As of this year, RAND's annual budget is $23 million, and it has a staff of more than 1100 persons.

Today—with the enormous increase in the defense budget, the increasing complexity of weapons systems and the ever-growing need in the Pentagon for brain power—most estimates put the number of "non-profits" doing business with the Defense Department at about 350. An

by Sol Stern

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

official in the department's division of research and engineering explained simply, "It's a fact of life that we can't recruit large numbers of scientists to come to work directly at the Defense Department. The pay isn't adequate, the civil service procedures are cumbersome and the working conditions aren't suitable."

In contrast, the think tanks—where senior scholars can not only make more money than the secretary of Defense but can combine research help, congenial surroundings and relief from classroom teaching with a feeling of being close to the seats of power—fit political scientist Guy Pauker's description of his employment at RAND:

> RAND to me is the ideal place to work. There is enough academic freedom here to allow you to think about what you want to, and yet we are policy oriented. Here you are forced to face reality . . .

It used to be that the think tanks had an exclusive lawyer-client relationship with one armed service. The intellectuals' ideas were expected to be consistent with the existing strategic doctrines of the services which subsidized them. Today, things have changed. Not even RAND can be written off as merely a pawn of its largest client, the Air Force. Ideas have proven to be more powerful than organizational loyalties, and it must seem to some generals that the services have created something like a Frankenstein. Herman Kahn today is worth his considerable weight in five-star generals, and the men who run the Pentagon know it. Defense intellectuals in the Pentagon send out directives that engender frenzy in generals like Thomas White of the Air Force who after retirement wrote in the Saturday Evening Post in 1963:

> In common with many other military men, active and retired, I am profoundly apprehensive of the pipe-smoking, tree-full-of-owls type of so-called professional defense intellectuals who have been brought into this nation's capital.

But those "professional defense intellectuals"—many of them RAND alumni who gained their expertise at the expense of General White's Air Force—have brought a revolution to the American defense establishment. It was a revolution born of changes in the technology and economics of modern warfare and by America's emergence as a self-appointed policeman for the world.

And it was a revolution carried through by the most unlikely of revolutionaries: a business executive named Robert Strange McNamara.

[II. THE MCNAMARA REVOLUTION]

APPOINTED AS PRESIDENT of Ford Motor Company the day after Kennedy was elected President of the country, McNamara had had a meteoric 16-year career with his firm, but no Pentagon or political experience except a wartime stint as a statistical control officer. No one could remember his ever having publicly expressed a political idea. Formally a Republican, he took the Defense job as a managerial challenge (at his own preference; Kennedy had considered him for secretary of the Treasury).

The challenge had driven half a dozen predecessors into early retirement and frustration; the first Defense secretary, James Forrestal, became mentally ill and jumped out of a hospital window. The problem was simply that American military traditions were still a generation behind the new military technology and the strategic requirements of global Cold War.

Until the second World War a traditional aversion to standing armies had resulted in the existence of a tiny group of career professionals in each service, developing separate service traditions and small worlds which were kept apart from the rest of American society.

After World War II, the sheltered inhabitants of these tiny worlds found themselves with the responsibility for maintaining a permanent American military presence around the world. By 1947, Congress had created a Department of Defense to bring some coordination to the services, and in subsequent legislation there seemed to be an abstract interest in unifying the services.

In practice, however, the separate "clubs" continued to function. Each service had its own propaganda machine and its own lobby in Congress. Representatives in both houses became known as "Army men" (or Navy or Air Force men). Each service fought for its own funds, stressing the value of its own weapons and approaches to war, so that strategic questions were actually fought out on the floor as inter-service rivalries. Defense industries courted the services separately for contracts.

By 1959, a congressional committee found 1400 retired officers of the rank of major or higher working for the corporations which received two-thirds of the defense budget. The largest such corporation, General Dynamics, employed 187 retired officers, including 27 retired generals and admirals, and also had on its payroll a former secretary of the Army, Frank Pace. It was in his famous farewell speech that President Eisenhower, sounding startlingly like C. Wright Mills, called the warning:

> In the councils of government, we must guard against the acquisition of unwarranted influence, whether sought or unsought, by the military-industrial complex. The potential for the disastrous rise of misplaced power exists and will persist.

Liberal critics of the defense establishment took their cue from Eisenhower, and focused not only on the connections between the military and the defense industries, but on the possibilities for a direct, Seven Days in May

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

takeover of the civilian government by the military. Fred Cook in a long special issue of The Nation entitled "Juggernaut—the Warfare State"—stressed the influence of the military on domestic life, their growing influence in policy making, and their associations with the right wing.

Remembering the 1950's liberals' fears of military dominance, it becomes easy to see why McNamara is regarded in some circles as virtually a Saint George. He arrived at the height of the liberals' fears and immediately made it clear to his joint chiefs of staff that he was running the show—bypassing them on some questions, overruling them on others, establishing a firm and authoritative direction. He used the Bay of Pigs fiasco cleverly to discredit the chiefs, and within a year every one of them except the commandant of the Marine Corps was gone. By the time of the Cuban missile crisis, McNamara was in the Navy's operations center ordering admirals around and telling them where to place their ships in blockade.

With him to Washington came "McNamara's whiz kids," out of the universities and the think tanks, to use their expertise to help whip the generals and admirals into line. Their basic tool was the economics of defense spending.

At RAND in the 1950's, they had worked out new statistical and economic techniques for making rational defense purchases. Sharp civilian aides in the office of the secretary of Defense, using the techniques of systems analysis and cost accounting, were able to out-perform their military counterparts in the selection of the most rational and efficient weapons systems and strategies.

Whatever the generals thought of them, the "pipe-smoking professors" created a war machine more flexible, more potent and more politically useful than anything that could have come out of—or been imagined by—the old service-club approach of the career men. The defense intellectuals had criticized the previous administration for having only one insane war plan, a policy of massive retaliation that left it vulnerable to any political crisis; McNamara and the whiz kids gave the Kennedy administration a defense establishment that allowed options in its dealings with the Communist bloc, and added a great variety of weaponry, tactical forces and techniques to America's military machine.

THE WAR IN VIETNAM is truly McNamara's war, no matter what his personal feelings about it are, in the sense that he created the machinery that allows it to be fought. The pre-McNamara Pentagon probably could not have taken on the kinds of escalation that the Johnson administration has dictated. And the generals and admirals—however angered and frustrated they may have been and may still be—have never had such opportunities for action and such new and challenging commands.

It is a strange new American military establishment. It combines—as does McNamara himself—power, flexibility, toughness, liberalism, machine-like efficiency and intellectual curiosity. McNamara himself sometimes seems more the professor of philosophy than the head of history's largest war machine. He is the man who has stayed up until late at night arguing about Vietnam and poetry with Robert Lowell and Yevtushenko. On another occasion—in Robert Kennedy's house—he exchanged views on the war and international politics with Father Daniel Berrigan, the Jesuit poet and anti-war demonstrator.

A few days in the rings and corridors of the Pentagon itself, talking to some of its civilian and military employees, left me amazed at the ease and the matter-of-fact rationality with which this giant machine operates while it directs one of the most costly and agonizing of American wars. There is no sense of urgency or tension, the place is wide open to anyone who wants to walk around. The security is far less than at RAND or at any defense plant. In the enormous main lobby you can get a haircut while waiting for an interview, buy some flowers and candy, browse in the Brentano's bookshop among the works of Bernard Fall and C. Wright Mills and Mark Lane.

A bright, tough, battle-hardened colonel talked to me about Vietnam, telling me—without any of the cliches about the nature of the war—how American technical and firepower superiority is gradually wearing down the Viet Cong. On his desk were Bernard Fall's *The Two Vietnams* and an issue of Viet Report. Was there a special reason for their being there just then? "No," he replied. "I just read everything I can about Vietnam, whether the writer is pro- or anti-U.S. policy."

In contrast, a civil servant remembered the Pentagon under Eisenhower and Secretary Charlie Wilson:

> You were afraid to be seen reading The New Republic or of making any suggestions for changes. You just did your job and shut up. Today if you are dissatisfied with things like security regulations you can send a memo right up to the top that will be seriously considered.

McNamara, more than any single person in Washington, has retained the loyalties of the bright young New Frontier intellectuals. With domestic Great Society agencies and the War on Poverty demoralized and bogged down in bickering and budget problems, Defense alone retains the elan of the Kennedy days. It is, one Washington observer told me, "the only place in Washington where any quality intellectual work is being done."

Success is catching. The budgeting and cost accounting techniques pioneered by Defense are being used in domestic federal agencies, and a number of veterans from the Defense Department are farming out into those agencies

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

to supervise the application of these new techniques. Even more significant and ominous, there is a trend among many liberals to try to transfer poverty and civil rights problems, which can't be handled in the context of the domestic political situation, into the Defense Department. McNamara and his whiz kids, feeling a missionary spirit, seem to be willing.

Recently out of the Defense Department and installed as the second president of the RAND Corporation, economist Henry R. Rowen talked with me about the department and about the style of thinking of the defense intellectuals of which he is typical. Trained at MIT and Oxford, Rowen spent several years at RAND working on systems analysis and defense budgeting, went with McNamara to Defense, moved to the Bureau of the Budget as an assistant director to install the new analytic techniques for other agencies, and then returned to RAND.

Tall, thin and athletic-looking, Rowen converses intelligently and courteously, in a style of discourse that forces classifying him as "liberal"—the style of the "end of ideology." There are no values that divide reasonable men, only "problems" for which there are different solutions depending not on values but on analysis and facts.

Issues with the Communist world do not evoke "anti-communism" in Rowen; they are "problems." There was the "problem" of nuclear proliferation. There had recently been a Chinese test of a nuclear missile: that was the "problem of the Chinese missile." A "problem" is by definition, in this usage, something capable of solution in analytic terms. It is an easy and sometimes imperceptible step to the idea that any other question is meaningless to ask about, or to losing track of the thought that some solutions may be unacceptable for reasons of value that are not evident within the limits of the technique.

But Rowen has come away from Defense impressed with the successes of its problem-solving techniques; he regards the department as "one of the most innovative institutions in our society," and, like Daniel Moynihan and others, wants to expand its role in solving domestic problems in the areas of civil rights and poverty.

Not all the "problems," however, yield solutions. "We haven't done an especially good job," Rowen told me, "at understanding revolutionary warfare. We only pay lip service to the doctrines of counterinsurgency." RAND, he thinks, can help, being more distant and objective.

Rowen will also move RAND more into the area of domestic "problems," because he is "struck by the need for RAND-type analysis of policy problems outside the area of defense." The decision will make RAND even more liberal and intellectually dynamic, give it even more intellectual credentials, and attract even more of the brighter young university intellectuals.

[III. THE REASONABLE MEN]

THE DEFENSE INTELLECTUALS have created a new style. But are we safer? Is the society healthier? Does democracy have a better chance of surviving?

The menace of the military-industrial complex, if not overblown, was at least not so simple as it was pictured in 1960. Despite all the facts cited by Fred Cook and others, the military officers never really established a stranglehold on political decision-makers. They were reversed on most foreign policy decisions throughout the Cold War, they didn't like their role in Korea, they didn't want a limited war in Vietnam. The ethos of professionalism and of keeping the military out of politics, if not always honored, has nonetheless, considering Cold War strains, held up pretty well.

More and more, in fact, the military has been forced to look at things from the civilian perspective. Both the technological revolution in weaponry and the politics of America's global posture have worked to eliminate the need for special military perspectives, traditions and organizations. The traditional military qualities of elan, spit and polish, chain of command, tight discipline are becoming superfluous in a world where weapons systems are becoming automated.

The United States still needs foot soldiers by the millions to fight its tough, gritty, conventional wars against the guerrillas and liberation armies of the hungry world, but even these soldiers must understand the civilian and political perspective. They, too, and their officers, must be oriented by civilian defense intellectuals who understand that revolutionary warfare is a "problem" that the nation must learn to deal with.

Old-fashioned notions of warfare—of merely defeating the enemy in battle—are out; the trend is toward an army that wins "the hearts and minds" of the people. Out, too, are the old-fashioned, anti-communist indoctrination sessions of the rightists like General Walker. McNamara and his whiz kids no doubt had principled reasons for curbing the influence of the extreme right inside the services, but from the point of view of the needs of a sophisticated American posture in the world, it was also a necessity.

An intelligent critic of the war in Vietnam, and a person highly sensitive to the dangers of a vast military establishment, insisted in a conversation with me on the value of the "new" Pentagon. Fresh ideas can be considered, he argued, proposals for disarmament get serious consideration; the test ban treaty was negotiated by an assistant secretary of Defense. True, the department makes it possible to put 5000 troops into Vietnam at a moment's notice—and thus fulfills the gargantuan appetite of Lyndon Johnson—but it is also a place sensitive to the dangers

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

of nuclear war, a place where no one is going to push the button in a sudden panic.

"Look at the issues that have come up in the past five years," he said. "Nuclear war plans, civilian control, the TFX, the closing of bases. In each of these cases the more rational, decent approach has won."

It sounds persuasive. Persuasive, too, are visits to places like RAND, the Hudson Institute and the Pentagon—comforting experiences, in which you meet people who are reasonable and friendly about their views. You become satisfied that civilized and intellectually honest men are involved in the processes of decision-making that may mean life or death for all of us. RAND officials tell you about their concern for civil liberties and independence; one of the corporation's China specialists deprecates Rusk and McNamara as "slightly phobic" about China, and Norman Thomas, you learn, once delivered a speech there and received a standing ovation from the staff.

And then there is this feeling that it is all very creepy.

It is too reasonable. Something is wrong. There is something dangerous about a place like RAND, with all of its comfortable rationality. You remember a conversation with Amrom Katz, one of RAND's top intellectuals.

Katz, originally an optical physicist, looks like a pint-sized Herman Kahn. In his office he is surrounded by pictures of atomic and hydrogen blasts which he keeps as reminders of the awesome powers we have to control. He is a member of the United World Federalists. He takes part frequently in disarmament controversies and debates. He is on the editorial board of War/Peace Report. Obviously, he is no mindless hawk.

Now he spends all of his time working on the Vietnam problem. A few years ago, RAND president Frank Cohlbaum told him that Vietnam was going to be a big problem; Katz had no experience whatever in Vietnamese affairs, but he had a reputation as one of RAND's most original and imaginative thinkers—a real problem solver. He went to Vietnam.

Now, he says, he is "hooked on Vietnam." He works both on problems connected with the fighting—he is concerned with the area of tactical air support, which presumably includes the more efficient use of napalm—and on ways of attaining peace. He sits at his desk, drawing little diagrams and charts, graphically rendering all the variables that must go into a peace effort. The mood of Ho Chi Minh is a box on Amrom Katz's graph.

It all seemed so ordinary, so natural—and that was the scary thing. The military used to be considered extraordinary in our society, to be endured in times of emergency, but never to be regarded as healthy. But now, we are losing the sense of any distinction. A friendly, cheerful physicist named Amrom Katz is just another intellectual—another member of the scholarly community—who happens to have switched his specialty from optics to killing Vietnamese. He is still a man seeking peace, just as McNamara.

And yet the cool, arrogant defense intellectuals are trapped within the confines of their own assumptions, blind to a stratum of reality that their rational mathematical models do not encompass. Their techniques and their intellectual methods are capable of solving internal Defense Department problems, or figuring out sophisticated new nuclear strategies, but they just don't understand the passions that move human history.

Herman Kahn believes that political gimmickry could have solved Southern segregation—because he simply misunderstands the dimensions of the Negro revolution and the hatred, the sick passions of the white community. Amrom Katz doesn't understand Ho Chi Minh or the Vietnamese guerrilla, and so he draws charts in search of a way to solve the "problem."

One can almost imagine RAND consulting its computers on the civil rights "problem," only to come up with the answer, "Pay off all the Negroes and send them back to Africa." And then, after the initial shock and horror, the irrepressible minds of the defense intellectuals coming back to nibble at the edges of the problem, until some future Herman Kahn writes a book saying, "Well, just *suppose* we did . . ."

The American government believes that it can deal with revolutionary expectations abroad and at home without radical changes in its own values and without radical change in the countries where people refuse passively to accept the burden of history. The American government believes that it can channel all change, around the world, into its own approved forms.

These are the views that are bolstered by the defense intellectuals, the arrogance that is fed by their assumption that these revolutionary questions are "problems" that can be dealt with independently of ideology or values. "Revolutionary warfare is a problem," said the new president of the RAND Corporation, and I am sure that it is a sentiment in which our secretary of Defense concurs.

It is no accident that the war in Vietnam has proven to be the one great blot on McNamara's record, the one area in which his vaunted techniques have failed. They will continue to fail as long as he and his hired intellectuals continue to see it as merely a "problem" instead of recognizing it as a crisis in American ideology and values—a crisis which demands that some questions be asked *because* decent values demand them, and that some solutions be rejected not because they are invalid but because they are *wrong*.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Five Poems by Jorge Luis Borges

Translated by Paulina de la Torre and Matthew Zion

Vigil—The Night He Was Laid in State

For Letizia Alvarez de Toledo

On account of somebody's death
—mystery whose hollow name I possess, whose reality we do not encompass—
today until dawn a house open in the South,
a remote house that I am not destined to see again,
but waiting for me this evening
with a desolate light through the high hours of sleep,
pallid from bad nights, vivid,
scrupulous of reality.

To its vigil etched in death I walk
down streets as elemental as memories,
during the abundant time of night,
when life is no more audible
than the vague neighborhood men beside unlit stores
or some solitary whistle in the world.

Walking slowly, anticipating the long vigil,
I come to the block to the house to the authentic door I want
and I am received by men obliged to be grave
who shared the years of my elders,
and we level destinies in a furnished room facing the yard
—a yard under the power and integrity of the night—
and we say, because reality is larger, indifferent things
and we are torpid and Argentinian in the mirror
and the *maté* we share measures vain hours.

I am moved by the slight manifestations of wisdom
that in every funeral of man are lost
—habits of books, of a key, of a body among others—
recurrent things, irrecoverable, such as were
the precision and friendship of the world to him.
I know that every privilege, though dark, is in the lineage of miracles,
and especially being able to take part in this vigil,
gathered around something unknown: the Dead Man.
gathered to isolate or to preserve his first night in death.

(The vigil wears down the faces;
our eyes that die on high like Jesus.)
And the dead man, the incrèdible one?
His reality is under flowers different from him
and his mortal hospitality leaves us
a memory for time to come
and sententious streets in the South for us eventually to deserve
and a dark breeze for the returning forehead
and this night which frees us from the greatest anguish:
the tedium of the real.

La Noche Que En El Sur Lo Velaron

A Letizia Álvarez de Toledo

Por el deceso de alguien
—misterio cuyo vacante nombre poseo, cuya realidad no abarcamos—
hay hasta el alba una casa abierta en el Sur,
una ignorada casa que no estoy destinado a rever,
pero que me espera esta noche
con desvelada luz en las altas horas del sueño,
demacrada de malas noches, distinta,
minuciosa de realidad.

A su vigilia gravitada en muerte camino
por las calles elementales como recuerdos,
por el tiempo abundante de la noche,
sin más oíble vida
que los vagos hombres de barrio junto al apagado almacén
y algún silbido solo en el mundo.

Lento el andar, en la posesión de la espera,
llego a la cuadra y a la casa y a la sincera puerta que busco
y me reciben hombres obligados a gravedad
que participaron de los años de mis mayores,
y nivelamos destinos en una pieza habilitada que mira al patio
—patio que está bajo el poder y en la integridad de la noche—
y decimos, porque la realidad es mayor, cosas indiferentes
y somos desganados y argentinos en el espejo
y el mate compartido mide horas vanas.

Me conmueven las menudas sabidurías
que en todo fallecimiento de hombre se pierden
—hábito de unos libros, de una llave, de un cuerpo entre los otros—
frecuencias irrecuperables que fueron
la precisión y la amistad del mundo para él.
Yo sé que todo privilegio, aunque oscuro, es de linaje de milagros
y mucho lo es el de participar en esta vigilia,
reunida alrededor de lo que no se sabe: del Muerto,
reunida para incomunicar o guardar su primera noche en la muerte.

(El velorio gasta las caras;
los ojos se nos están muriendo en lo alto como Jesús.)
¿Y el muerto, el increíble?
Su realidad está bajo las flores diferentes de él
y su mortal hospitalidad nos dará
un recuerdo más para el tiempo
y sentenciosas calles del Sur para merecerlas despacio
y brisa oscura sobre la frente que vuelve
y la noche que de la mayor congoja nos libra:
la prolijidad de lo real.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Year '40

The old mansions were huge, like flags, and each patio
had different stars.
The back-yard was another country, alive with shrill
cries of niggers and raging fire.
Rondos from harsh guitars were always making you think
of the open plain.
From San Benito de Palermo the red lights of sunset
brought forth the soldiers.
The streets had almost reached the plain, with their
dust-clouds rising and their small platoons.
In low carts, behind oxen plodding under yokes and
poles, the river flowed into the houses.
Don Juan Manuel de Rozas was stout, ubiquitous, immortal.
Monstrous like mirrors, hearts were all equal then.
Year of grace and marvelous cruelty: of painkillers and
the peasant minuet.
Death was wide and easy and deep like the field and the
night.
Year of bloodshed and naive innocence: year of the
drum-district, year of scarlet.

El Año Cuarenta

Los caserones eran grandes, como banderas y cada patio
tenía estrellas distintas.
Ya el traspatio era otro país, hecho de griterío,
de negrada y de lumbre.
Los redondeles de las duras guitarras daban siempre
a la pampa.
De San Benito de Palermo las tardes rojas
engendraban soldados.
Las calles casi estaban en la pampa, con su
polvareda y patrullas.
En carretas bajonas, detrás de bueyes bajo pértigo
y yugo, iba el río a las casas.
Don Juan Manuel de Rozas era fornido, ubicuo, inmortal.
Monstruosos como espejos, los corazones eran iguales
entonces.
Año de gracia y de maravillosa crueldá: del quita penas
y el minué montonero.
La muerte era ancha y fácil y profunda como el campo
y la noche.
Año sangriento y candoroso: año del
barrio del tambor y el punzó.

Dakar

Dakar is located at the crossroads of the sun,
the desert and the sea.
The sun hides the sky from us, the sand makes
the road fearsome as a wild beast ready to
leap, the sea is an enormous swelling.
I have seen a chieftain in whose coat the blue
was brighter than the sky set on fire.
The mosque near the movie theatre glows with the
quiet clarity of a prayer.
The desert pushes the huts far away, the sun like
a thief scales the walls.
Africa has its destiny in eternity, with deeds,
kingdoms, religions, thick woods and swords.
I have attained a sunset and a small village.

Dakar

Dakar está en la encrucijada del sol, del desierto
y del mar.
El sol nos tapa el firmamento, el arenal agrava los
caminos como fiera en acecho, el mar es un
encono.
He visto un jefe en cuya manta era más ardiente
lo azul que en el cielo incendiado.
La mezquita cerca del biógrafo luce una quieta
claridad de plegaria.
La resolana aleja las chozas, el sol como un ladrón
escala los muros.
Africa tiene en la eternidad su destino, donde hay
hazañas, reinos, religiones, arduos bosques y
espadas.
Yo he conseguido un atardecer y una aldea.

The Knife

In a drawer there's a knife.

It was forged in Toledo, toward the end of the last century; Luis Melian Lafinur gave it to my father, who brought it from Uruguay; Evaristo Carriego at one time took it in his hand.

Whoever sees it has to toy with it awhile; you can tell they've been looking for it a long time; the hand reaches out to grasp the waiting handle; the blade, obedient and powerful, plays with precision in the sheath.

The knife wants something else.

It's more than a composite design of metals; men thought it and shaped it with a definite aim in mind; it is, in some eternal way, the knife that killed a man last night in Tacuarembo and the knives that killed Caesar. It wants to kill. It wants to shed violent blood.

In a desk drawer, among rough drafts and letters, the knife is always dreaming its simple dream of a tiger, and the hand that wields it grows animated because the metal comes alive,

El Puñal

En un cajón hay un puñal,

Fué forjado en Toledo, a fines del siglo pasado; Luis Melián Lafinur se lo dió a mi padre, que lo trajo del Uruguay; Evaristo Carriego lo tuvo alguna vez en la mano.

Quienes lo ven tienen que jugar un rato con él; se advierte que hace mucho que lo buscaban; la mano se apresura a apretar la empuñadura que la espera; la hoja obediente y poderosa juega con precisión en la vaina.

Otra cosa quiere el puñal.

Es más que una estructura hecha de metales; los hombres lo pensaron y lo formaron para un fin muy preciso; es, de algún modo eterno, el puñal que anoche mató a un hombre en Tacuarembó y los puñales que mataron a César. Quiere matar. Quiere derramar brusca sangre.

En un cajón del escritorio, entre borradores y cartas, interminablemente sueña el puñal su sencillo sueño de tigre, y la mano se anima cuando lo rige porque el metal se anima, el

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the metal that before each contact feels the killer for whose sake men created it.

Sometimes I feel sorry for it. So much hardness, so much faith, so much impassive or innocent arrogance, and the hollow years go by.

Conjectural Poem

Dr. Francisco Laprida, assassinated on September 22, 1829, by the guerrilla fighters of Aldao, thinks before dying:

The bullets buzz in the last afternoon.
There is wind and there are ashes in the wind,
the day and the undefined battle
disperse, and the other side prevails.
The barbarians triumph, the gauchos win.
I, who studied the laws and the canons,
I, Francisco Narciso de Laprida,
whose voice declared the independence
of these cruel provinces, defeated,
my face stained with blood and sweat,
without hope or fear, ruined,
flee south through the remotest outskirts.
Like that captain of Purgatory
who, fleeing on foot and bloodying the land,
was blinded and struck down by death
where an obscure river loses its name,
so I am sure to fall. My hour has come.
The lateral night of the marshes
lurks over me and delays me. I hear the helmets
of my hot death looking for me
with riders, foaming lips and lances.
I who longed to be someone else, to be a man
of maxims, of books, of judgments,
will lie in a bog under an open sky;
yet, inexplicably, a secret joy makes
my chest god-like. At last I come to grips
with my South American destiny.
To this ruinous afternoon I have been led
by the multiple labyrinth of footsteps
that my days knitted together since a day
in my childhood. At last I have discovered
the hidden key of my years,
the fortune of Francisco de Laprida,
the one letter that was missing, the perfect
form that God knew from the beginning.
In the mirror of this night I reach
my unsuspected eternal face. The circle
is closing. I wait. So be it.
My feet step on the shadow of the lances
that search for me. The foaming lips of death,
the riders, the manes, the horses,
bolt over me . . . Already the first blow,
already the hard iron riving my chest,
the intimate knife on my throat.

Jorge Luis Borges was born in Buenos Aires in 1900. Awarded Argentina's National Prize of Literature in 1956, Professor Borges is best known in this country for his books Labyrinths and Other Writings *and* Ficciones.

metal que presiente en cada contacto al homicida para quien lo crearon los hombres.

A veces me da lástima. Tanta dureza, tanta fe, tanta impasible o inocente soberbia, y los años pasan, inútiles.

Poema Conjetural

El doctor Francisco Labrida asesinado el día 22 de septiembre de 1829 por los montoneros de Aldao, piensa antes de morir:

Zumban las balas en la tarde última.
Hay viento y hay cenizas en el viento,
se dispersan el día y la batalla
deforme, y la victoria es de los otros.
Vencen los bárbaros, los gauchos vencen.
Yo, que estudié las leyes y los cánones,
yo, Francisco Narciso de Laprida,
cuya voz declaró la independencia
de estas crueles provincias, derrotado,
de sangre y de sudor manchado el rostro,
sin esperanza ni temor, perdido,
huyo hacia el Sur por arrabales últimos.
Como aquel capitán del Purgatorio
que, huyendo a pie y ensangrentando el llano,
fué cegado y tumbado por la muerte
donde un oscuro río pierde el nombre,
así habré de caer. Hoy es el término.
La noche lateral de los pantanos
me acecha y me demora. Oigo los cascos
de mi caliente muerte que me busca
con jinetes, con belfos y con lanzas.
Yo que anhelé ser otro, ser un hombre
de sentencias, de libros, de dictámenes,
a cielo abierto yaceré entre ciénagas;
pero me endiosa el pecho inexplicable
un júbilo secreto. Al fin me encuentro
con mi destino sudamericano.
A esta ruinosa tarde me llevaba
el laberinto múltiple de pasos
que mis días tejieron desde un día
de la niñez. Al fin he descubierto
la recóndita clave de mis años,
la suerte de Francisco de Laprida,
la letra que faltaba, la perfecta
forma que supo Dios desde el principio.
En el espejo de esta noche alcanzo
mi insospechado rostro eterno. El círculo
se va a cerrar. Yo aguardo que así sea.
Pisan mis pies la sombra de las lanzas
que me buscan. Las befas de mi muerte,
los jinetes, las crines, los caballos,
se ciernen sobre mi . . . Ya el primer golpe,
ya el duro hierro que me raja el pecho,
el íntimo cuchillo en la garganta.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Saigon (A.P.) (U.P.I.) etc.,

The Life & Times of the Vietnam Press Corps

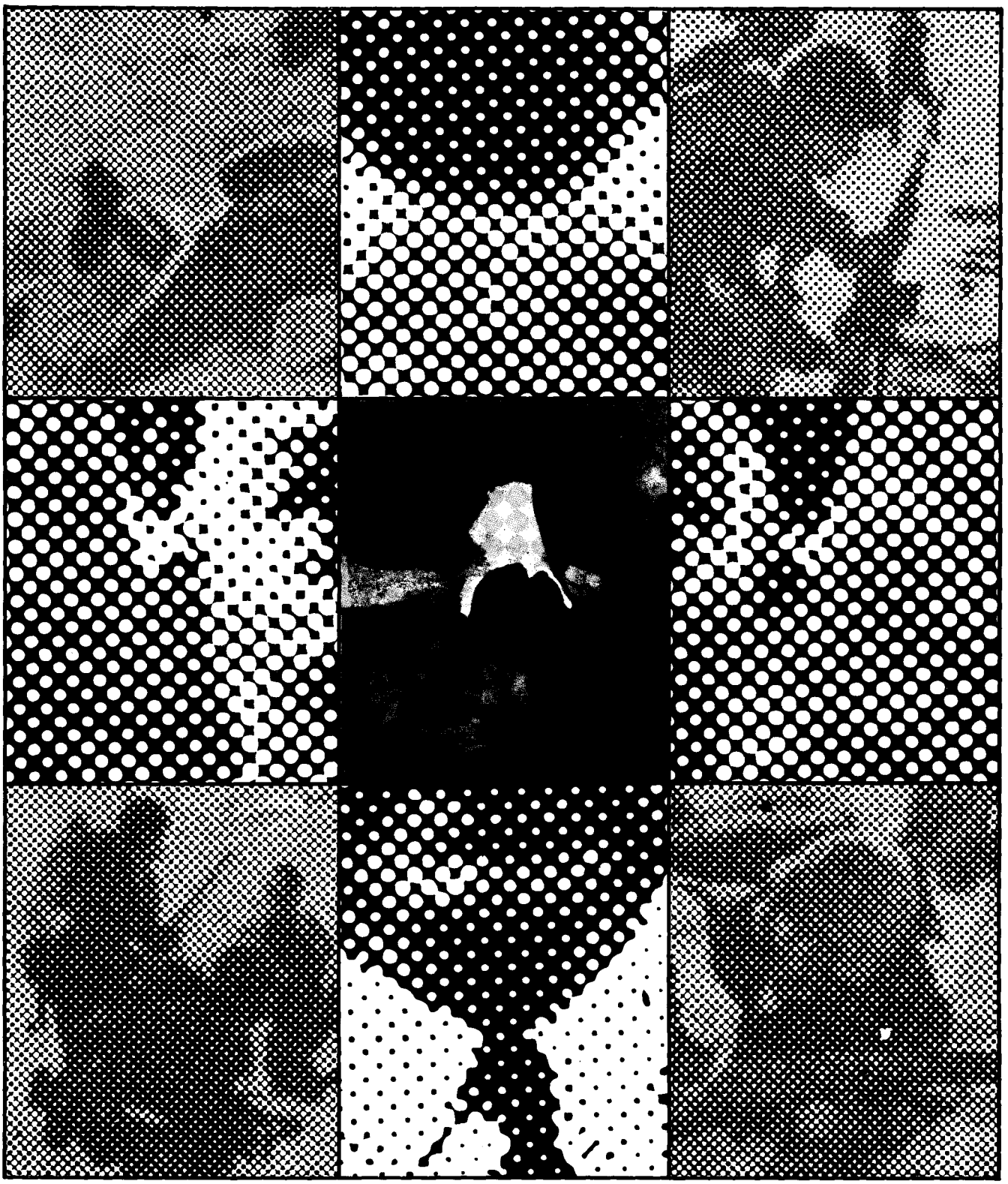


Illustration by James McMullin/Push Pin Studios

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

On a muggy, listless Saigon afternoon last August, an official spokesman for the government announced a reply, of sorts, to the charge that American bombs had been responsible for the deaths of a number of Cambodians.

The announcement was made to reporters in the JUSPAO building (the awkward acronym means Joint United States Public Affairs Office), on the corner of Nguyen Hue and Le Loi streets, in the same briefing room in which any reporters who happen to be in town gather every afternoon at five. There, the newsmen are fed the cabalistic facts and figures of the day's war: operations launched, the body count, KIAs, WIAs, MIAs, raids North and South, planes lost, number of refugees in the bank and the itinerary of the latest visiting fireman.

On this particular August afternoon, as on most afternoons, the stage held five large map boards; each of four represented one of the four military divisions, or corps areas, of South Vietnam, and the fifth depicted North Vietnam. Habitual early arrivals took their seats while the military briefing personnel were still busily cluttering the maps with celluloid numbers, red and blue arrows, and little blue bombs: the numbers are keys to items in the daily printed handout, the arrows refer to military operations or incidents (red for the enemy, blue for the U.S.), and the little blue bombs stand for bombing missions in the North or B-52 raids in the South.

The proceedings are always opened by the press representative from the civilian side of the mission. Currently that representative is a short, stocky man named John Stuart; a bureaucratic "old pro," he has cropped gray hair, small eyes, a belly obscuring his belt, and a mouth that puckers when it moves. In a relatively short time in Saigon, Stuart has already become famous for a dull wit, a sodden sense of humor, epic pomposity and a total indifference to the pronunciation of foreign words—particularly Vietnamese place names.

Ordinarily (and, many feel, blissfully) the civilian briefer has little or nothing to say. On this occasion, however, he had been assigned to read the official report of an American investigation of American planes dropping American bombs on the village of Thlok Trach. The report followed the attack by ten days. Cambodia had protested the attack, understandably enough, since the Cambodians believe (and apparently we have come to agree) that Thlok Trach is in Cambodia. In the course of protesting the attack, Cambodia also noted that a group of neutral observers, including members of the International Control Commission, had witnessed the event.

The report which Stuart read to the reporters on August 12 said simply that attacks did occur on "targets in the vicinity of Thlok Trach village on 31 July and 2 August." They were launched, it said, in response to fire which U.S. helicopters had received from the area. The U.S. was sorry that the observers were endangered; however, according to the maps studied in the course of the investigation, the targets were on the Vietnamese side of the border.

Reporters don't like to work any more than anybody else, especially on sultry afternoons, but sometimes they have to ask questions, and on this occasion those questions led to a quick, dizzy spiral into the looking-glass world of officialese. It went something like this:

Q. You said the targets were in Vietnam. The Cambodians say we bombed a Cambodian village. Can we take this as a denial of the Cambodian charge that we hit one of their villages?

Photography of Saigon by Morton Beebe

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A. It is not my purpose to answer Cambodian charges. This is a report of our investigation of the incident.

Q. Did we hit a Cambodian village?

A. We hit targets which our maps show to be in Vietnam.

Q. Did we hit the village?

A. Apparently some bombs fell in one corner of Thlok Trach.

Q. Well, if we hit the village, and the village is on the Vietnamese side of the border, how is it that the group from Phnom Penh was endangered?

That one called for a quickly drawn map. The delegation, the spokesman said, had been brought to the hamlet of An Long Chuey ("which is *here*"), definitely within Cambodian territory. They had walked from there to Thlok Trach, further east. Also shown on the quick sketch were the unquestionably Vietnamese village of An Long Trach, still further east, and the Vietnamese-Cambodian border—drawn by Stuart as a vertical line between An Long Chuey and Thlok Trach.

Q. Then the observers crossed into Vietnamese territory, right?

A. No, I'm not saying that.

Q. (a touch of hysteria intruding) But, goddamn it, you've drawn it on the blackboard! You've said the group walked from an area you've shown as Cambodian territory, across a line you say represents the Cambodian-Vietnamese border, and into an area you say is in Vietnam, and where you've placed Thlok Trach. What do you mean, you're not saying that?

A. That's your interpretation. I'm not saying that.

I hate to see grown men cry.

Further questions by those who could get their heads out of their hands squeezed out the admission that it was not certain who administered the village, but it was thought to be the Viet Cong. The information was also elicited that the inhabitants of the village are *ethnically* Cambodians (his emphasis, my italics).

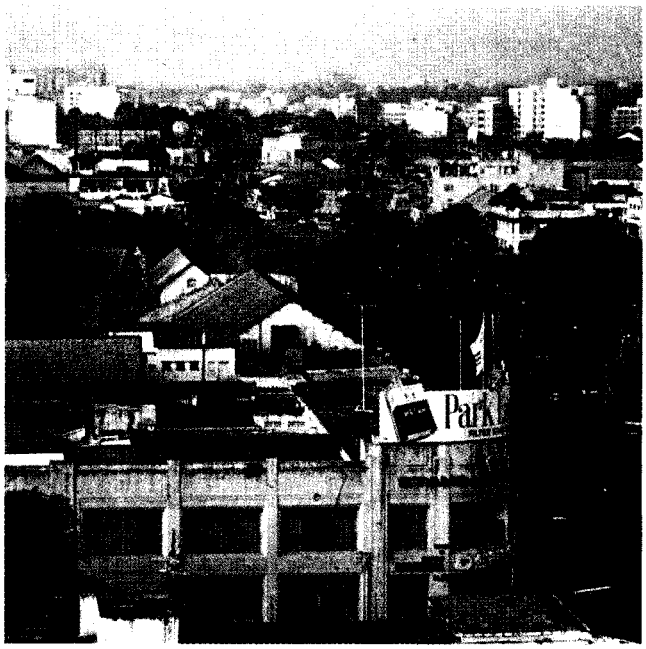
As an anti-climax, the United States spokesman, asked whether any on the observer team had been injured, replied in the negative, adding graciously, "Though I understand some of them dirtied their pants—in the dirt, I mean." Stuart also "understood" that "most of 'em were halfway to Phnom Penh before the last bomb fell. Har!"

Some days later, it was decided in Washington that Thlok Trach—obviously damaged goods and stolen by the NLF anyway—should be awarded to Cambodia.

Only two days before, discussion at the briefing had centered around another village bombing, this one a few miles south of the delta city of Cantho. Twenty-four or more civilians were killed and 82, or 182, wounded (briefing officials had one total, doctors at the hospital to which the wounded were taken had another). The casualties, according to the briefing, were the fault of the Viet Cong, who had forced the inhabitants to remain in the village when the attacking planes arrived.

That line came up again the following day, and was angrily challenged from the floor by Charles Mohr of The New York Times, who had taken the trouble to go to Cantho and to interview a number of the wounded in the hospital. They all told him that there had been no Viet Cong in the village.

Not every day in the JUSPAO briefing room is so contentious, but there have been enough such days to warrant nicknaming the daily sessions "the Five O'Clock Follies." They are a running battle in that other war in Vietnam, the one between reporters and officials, known as The Information War.



SINCE THE AMERICAN BUILD-UP, the total number of foreign newsmen in South Vietnam (i.e., representatives of non-Vietnamese media) has ranged between 300 and 400, including photographers and TV cameramen and sound men. In June of 1966 there were approximately 360 accredited foreign newsmen.

But between January 1 and June 30, 1966, the Special Projects Office of Military Assistance Command Vietnam (MACV to the press) had accredited more than 1100 persons. That represents a turnover of better than 300 per cent in six months.

Most of the turnover is due to what the press corps calls the "tourist trade"—reporters, columnists, editors, TV personalities and others, who arrive on short junkets of a month's duration or less. The standard tour for regular correspondents is about one year; there are a handful who have been working the Vietnamese story for several

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

years. By and large, the press corps of 1965 was a different group of people from the press corps of 1964, and that of 1966 different from that of 1965.

Though the personalities may have changed, The Other War continues unabated; the attitudes of officials toward the press are among the few constants in the ever-changing Vietnamese scene. Never has there been a press corps so frequently and harshly attacked by government officials, by headline-hunting politicians, by indentured columnists, and even, at times, by wise men in the home office. And the attacks rarely vary.

American reporters in Saigon, their attackers insist, are young and immature, inexperienced and irresponsible. They are infatuated with their own importance and with the importance of their personal opinions. They are lazy, cowardly and clannish. They seldom, if ever, get out of Saigon, and they spend their time in hotel bars lapping up gin-and-tonics and interviewing each other. Their criticisms are carping, their judgment uninformed and unsound, their attitudes a product of fashionable cynicism and unconcerned ignorance. They are supercilious, arrogant, rude and thoughtless. They don't bathe often enough. And last but far from least, it is the newsmen—not the briefing personnel or the policymakers or, heaven help us, the President—who are responsible for all the confusion in the American public mind about the war and about American policy in Vietnam. No one yet has seriously attacked the entire American press corps as a mass of agents for the National Liberation Front, but it is virtually the accusation left for the day when somebody really gets mad.

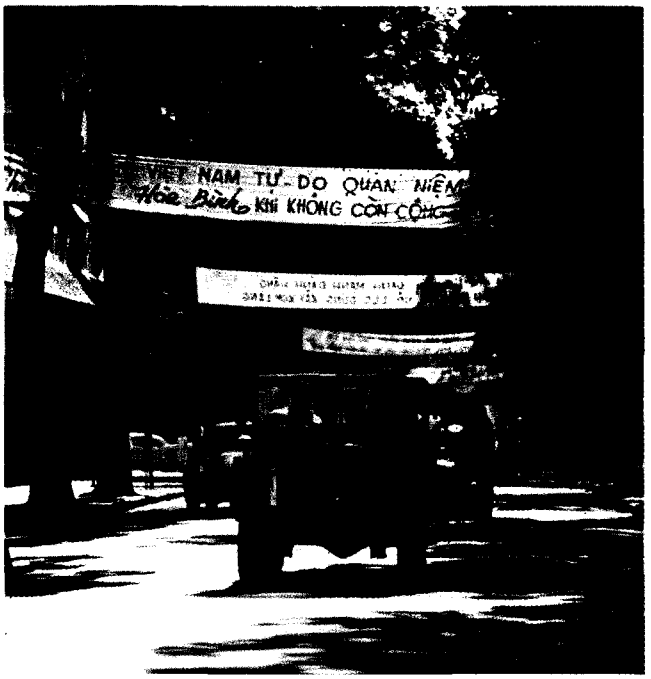
Arthur Sylvester, ex-assistant secretary of Defense for public affairs and Great White Father of all the PIOs—for whom the news (and, obviously, the newsman) is "part of the weaponry"—spelled it out during a meeting with a group of correspondents in Saigon. Morley Safer of CBS, who was there, wrote about it for a publication of the Overseas Press Club:

> Then he went on to the effect that American correspondents had a patriotic duty to disseminate only information that made the United States look good. . . . [Sylvester told the correspondents], "Look, if you think any American official is going to tell the truth, then you're stupid. Did you hear that? Stupid. . . . I know how to deal with you through your editors and publishers back in the States."

For the press corps as a group, there are other tactics, such as rumors of imminent censorship that are periodically floated—always to be officially denied, of course. Then there is the counterattack proper, launched whenever some aspect of truth begins to reach too many people.

Let too many stories go out saying that anti-Americanism is the rule among Vietnamese, for instance; or that a pet fiasco like Revolutionary Development is in fact a fiasco; or describing the terrible slaughter being inflicted by American arms on the civilian population; or showing the vaunted progress in the delta to be a delusion if not a lie; or pointing out that the military junta in Saigon has little more support around the country than its guns (and ours) can command—let these stories begin to reach home, and the counterattack begins.

The ski troops of established policy—regulars like Sylvester and his minions, volunteer guerrillas like Joe Alsop, Henry Taylor and a dozen or so others—begin to lock and load. Frequently these friendlies will journey to Vietnam itself to stock up on fresh ammunition—a chore that rarely takes more than a week or possibly two; when they arrive, they're force-fed a VIP treatment that would



astonish a general. They get individual briefings, special tidbits, exclusive interviews, individual transportation—even, in at least one case, a special plane to fly the patriot in and out of the country. Back at home, they describe the progress, praise the policy, parrot the reigning opinions of the Saigon brass—and screech at their negative and immature young colleagues left behind to do the dirty work of reporting a dirty war.

One of the more dishonest, and irritating, aspects of the standard attack on the press in Vietnam (there must be State and Defense Department manuals on it by now) is that it's directed at the wrong people for the wrong reasons. Take for example the old standby about reporters who sit contentedly in Saigon and don't get out where the action is.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Those who confine themselves to the relatively safe, comfortable limits of the capital rely for their information on MACV handouts and their oral counterparts. These are the reporters who faithfully echo the official version—not only because they tend to be personally inclined in that direction, but also because they aren't often troubled by confrontation with contradictory fact.

But it's the reporters who have been around the longest and who get around the most who are unpopular with local officials (and who are most respected by their colleagues). The reporters who make the establishment unhappy are the reporters who do just the opposite of what the establishment says they do.

The Saigon press corps is no aggregate of Jack Armstrongs. If your job in Saigon were to paint a nasty picture of the group, you wouldn't need to invent anything outright. There's the stumbling, incoherent 24-hour lush; the lazy reporter who does, indeed, spend all of his time in Saigon, writing about the rest of the country by picking the brains of others who have been there; the incredibly obtuse reporter who couldn't spot a snow job if he were buried in a drift; the ignoramus who (like a lot of American pilots) thinks black pajamas mean Viet Cong. There are the inventors who meet their deadlines out of their imaginations. There are the reporters who aren't reporters at all, but petty crooks who have managed to get and use press credentials to further whatever con game they're involved in at the moment. And there are the mentally unzipped, hiding and somehow making it in a vast asylum where only the abnormally sane stand out as kooks.

But all of them together are too few in number and too professionally unimportant to "explain" what's "wrong" with the press in Vietnam. The press corps' faults and failures are far more profound.

Of the 300-odd newsmen accredited on July 1, 80 belonged to the three American television networks; fewer than 20 of those 80 were correspondents. The rest were technicians. Another 40 of the accredited newsmen were Vietnamese nationals, employed by foreign news agencies as technicians or interpreters—rarely as reporters. Thus 100 of the 360 were not reporters at all in any sense.

Of the 60 dailies listed, 21 are American, including such esoteric entries as Hometown Features and the Pocket Testament League. Most of the dailies were represented by a single correspondent. Nine magazines were accredited, including the three newsweeklies, Life, National Geographic, Flying and Adventist Mission. Among them they have 20 registered employees. Another 23 accreditations were accounted for by photo and newsreel services.

Out of the total of 360, not more than 115 were actually American correspondents—and that includes the "tourists" on the list and the possibly ten or twelve correspondents temporarily out of the country on special assignment or vacation. There is still a fairly sizable press corps left, of course—but it's something less than the thundering legions of American reporters which are sometimes pictured over the tiny handful of soldiers and government officials in Vietnam.

THE PRINCIPAL ASSIGNMENT of most American reporters now in Vietnam is to cover Americans at war. The heavy emphasis is on the American effort—especially the military effort—often to the virtual exclusion of Vietnamese affairs. Many reporters have neither contacts with, nor interest in, the Vietnamese, and spend their tours enclosed in a kind of American envelope.

A number of reporters I know—diligent, hard-working men who frequently risk (and sometimes lose) their lives covering military activities around the country—nonetheless spend most, if not all, their time in that envelope and have little interest in doing otherwise. It is here that the "old hands," the leftovers and returnees from the pre-buildup days, stand out from the newer arrivals. They have developed an interest in, and some knowledge of, the country. A few have even picked up a word or two of the language.

Newsweek's Mort Perry, a great, round mountain of man with prematurely white hair cropped close to his skull, took a 300-mile drive through the delta last summer with John Van, a former U.S. advisor in Vietnam who is now back as a civilian employee of USAID.

The drive was an incredible feat; you can get ambushed on any three-mile stretch of road in the country. But Van makes such trips regularly. He knows the country, has studied the incident reports for each sector, and knows his enemy—whom he regards with a kind of exasperated affection—from long experience. He knows what section of road is safe at what time of day (or night).

The Viet Cong, Van claims, are, like all other Vietnamese, creatures of habit to a remarkable degree, and if you study their habits closely, you can do a lot of things you couldn't get away with otherwise. Besides, he says (quite correctly), you can't learn to know the delta by flying over it.

Perry, too, had valuable experience to profit by. When he returned to Saigon he filed a story whose basis was a comparison of notes he had taken on this trip with notes taken on the same trip the previous year. Perry's story (which Newsweek gutted) concluded that the much heralded progress in the delta was arrant nonsense; that things had, rather, gone from bad to worse in almost every category.

It is unfortunate that other reporters don't have Perry's

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

background; but it is also unavoidable. It is scarcely possible for a foreign correspondent to take a six-month cram course every time he gets a new assignment. But it is far more unfortunate that few reporters consider the lack to be important. For many, the war part of the story is quite enough.

With some, this tendency lessens as their time in Vietnam lengthens, as the country begins to get to them. They begin to see Vietnam as a nation—albeit a benighted one—and not just as a proving ground for opposing battalions of armed men and their weapons. For others, however, personal inclination and the heavy pressure to join, or stay with, the team keeps them pretty snugly wrapped in the envelope for their entire tours.

In a sense, the strongest pressure in that direction comes not from any agency or individual, but from the most elementary aspect of the reporter's personal situation: he is still an American in Vietnam, all political arguments and attitudes notwithstanding. It matters little that he may have arrived thinking U.S. policy wrong; he may even feel that the Viet Cong are probably as right as anyone else around. He soon learns that his ideas don't stand out in neon on his forehead, and that any given Vietnamese who might pass him on the street or observe him through a gun sight will recognize him only by the lightness of his skin, the roundness of his eyes and (in most cases) his inordinate size.

An experienced and usually competent correspondent in Da Nang, who had been with the Vietnamese Marines a number of times and liked them ("First-rate little bastards"), looked forward gleefully during the Buddhist crisis to the prospect of watching the Marines tear the Buddhists apart. Aside from that, he was simply disgusted that the goddamned Buddhists had gummed up the war machine—and that seemed to be the sum total of his thinking. If he had any interest at all in political ramifications, he kept it superbly to himself.

Still, most reporters decline to climb completely onto the brass bandwagon, and there are a few—in my opinion usually the best—who refuse even to trail along in its wake. These are the "negativists" whose frequently berated negativism really comes from having seen too much, learned too much, talked to too many people.

These reporters get their stories from the people who do the work of American policy in Vietnam, as opposed to those who order it done: from the province rep who is too busy trying to get the fingers of the province chief out of his building funds to write rosy handouts—and who is too bitter and frustrated and despairing of the hopelessness of his job to have it in him anyway; or from the officers and men, from the DMZ to Saigon, who have grown bitter and cynical over the weeks and months of fighting for people who want, more than anything else, peace—and that at almost any price.

They get their "negativism," in short, from talking to people who have to cope with the *reality* of the thing, and who tend to use it occasionally in their speech. They also get it from things like past predictions of imminent victory made in the midst of imminent collapse. But one of the greatest sources is in the spectacle of responsible public officials blaming all their failures on the reporters.

NOTHING THE PRESS CAN DO, no concessions it can make short of professional suicide, will please the bureaucrats of power who clearly want the entire tradition of a free press dismantled and the concept repealed. Charles Mohr of The New York Times described last September's elections as the first fair and honest elections the Vietnamese people have ever had—certainly a piece of positive thinking at best—and for part of his reward read on his paper's editorial page a letter from Frederick E. Nolting Jr., former U.S. ambassador to (Diem's) South Vietnam.

Nolting castigated Mohr for implying that Diem's elections were not fair and honest—and then went on to charge the Times and its Saigon correspondents with collective responsibility for the overthrow of Diem, the subsequent dispatch of more than 300,000 American troops to Vietnam, and the casualties (100 or more deaths a week) which followed!

One spring day in Da Nang, as bullets slapped the air and ricocheted off pavement and houses, two American correspondents made their way toward the Tinh Hoi pagoda, command center for the Buddhist struggle forces. The Buddhists, whose press treatment the day before had not been favorable in their eyes, had already turned away several reporters. At the outer defense perimeter, one reporter asked the officer in charge whether he and his companion could proceed to the pagoda.

Without a flicker of expression, the officer said, "Yes. But if you do, I will shoot you."

There is in that scene the quintessence of Vietnam today and of the situation in which the reporter finds himself. Whatever else may be said of him, no one can call his job a simple one. And whatever else may be said about the press in Vietnam, the fact that The Other War still continues—after years of pressure, propaganda and intimidation from on high—leaves small but badly needed hope for the survival of a free press as we approach 1984.

The author, who wishes to remain anonymous, spent 18 months in Vietnam as an accredited reporter.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

In New York, I Only Shoot Straight

by Jacob Brackman

AROUND BOSTON, where I usually shoot, I figure my odds to be pretty fair in a pick-up game. Not that I'm any Moscone. But I go in blind, he goes in blind, I stand to run a rack every other night. So unless he's a shark I do o.k. Time and an ace, time and a deuce. Little stakes. No one cleans up, no one gets gutted. I pick up five or ten, I drop the same, we argue who's better, Crane or Lassiter (me, I think the Wimp can shoot him down), I kill the evening, no one gets hurt.

New York is a different story. I've been shooting here two weeks and getting burned. Nobody shoots for the fun here. I think they all hate the game. They ask me where I'm from. Boston, I say, blammm, everybody drops their stick, everybody wants to play me. They come out of the woodwork. Watchers, too. Guys who have been sitting out for weeks race to the stick rack. "He's my fish," one guy says. "He's my fish," another one says. They've got a real soft spot for Boston. I'm everybody's fish.

Of course, wherever you go, any city, everyone's a hustler. Even a fish is a hustler, because he pretends to be a worse fish than he is. A fish makes out he can't bank a hanger, gets a big spot, holds back, and then, when it's close in the last rack, he runs out the game on five or six counts. Happened to me more than once. You have to expect that. The game is always a double hustle; anyone who can't run five or six when the pressure's on has no business in the hall.

The difference is the friendliness of the fake-out. In Boston, even a genuine flash doesn't play better than he has to to beat you. That way you keep your pride and the hustle stays friendly. Because you both pretend the game's level. One time in Central Square I shot a college flash pretty close for a deuce, and he won. His stroke and bridge put him out of my class, but I didn't know how much, so I took a ten spot and he beat me by a couple balls, and then I took a 20, and he beat me by a couple balls again. By that time I was down six, so he spotted me 30, which no longer seemed like any sure thing, and we played double or zip on the stakes, split time. I broke and in the middle of his 27 ball run complimented him on his improvement over the course of the evening. He gave me a big grin and said, "Well I got to start shooting, with that kind of spot." Which is reasonable and even legitimate. I shell 15 bills to watch a real beautiful shooter. Also he told me after he was working his way through school so it's a good cause on the side. We shake. You have to expect that.

What you don't expect is insults, which is exactly what you get in New York. Some little cat comes on like he can't sink a duck—not just muffing the shots but talking up a bad game too, such as saying, "I can't run three to save my mother," or "I ought to hang up," going weak in the knees when you feather one in—and then when you're a rack and a half in front he makes an incredible three rail break or sinks one off the pack the length of the table and runs out the game sniggering and putting down Boston and telling you how beautiful he is. That's the kind of sadist shoots pool in New York. Just to make money and humiliate a fish.

ANOTHER THING about this city is no one wants to shoot you straight. I guess that's because a 50 game takes half, three-quarters of an hour, and unless you're playing for a wad you can

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

make that kind of bread honest. Even small stakes, the bread is in nine-ball, deuce a rack, or Chicago, or eight-ball. Impossible to tell what's skill and what's luck in rotation games, so they're where the ace hustlers hang out. Over my head. "I only shoot straight," I tell these guys, and six times out of ten they look at me like I dragged mud across their broadloom. Because it's not worth their time. I'm looking to shoot sociable, they're looking for the fast bread. So they rank Boston and hunt another fish. I've played four halls since I hit the Apple and now I'm seriously thinking of hanging up myself. Everywhere I'm a loser. There's no percentage. The funny thing is I'm setting up the break, playing untouchable safe, never miss the spot shot, my english is talking like poems. I figure in Boston I'd be golden. Fat City. Not here.

First I hit Julian's, the Academy of Music over on 14th Street. A very old dive, once with class. The first guy I shoot, I think is Minnesota Fats. Built like him too, but Italian. Very fast and loose, he runs two racks while I'm lighting my cigarette. I got snookered behind the pyramid after sinking three and he walks out on the game. I mean, he's too *bored* to hustle me. After I played Music a couple of times, the proprietor—an old pro who almost made the big time, I hear, back when they still shot on five by ten oversize—started smiling at me funny everytime I brought the rock home. Since I was always picking up the time. The one match I almost took was with an ancient, seedy guy who shot in his overcoat. He excused himself, very polite, about halfway. To go to the bathroom. I never saw him again. I keep thinking he's somebody's father. I figured I'd played Julian's for what it was worth. A few of the grandstanders started pointing me out, calling me the Beantown Flash. "The word's out on you, Flash . . ." New fish in town.

Then at McGirr's on Eighth Avenue, I saw Peter Falk, the actor, setting up the foot spot over and over and getting his position on a dime. No one else recognized him. (I saw him again on the tube, announcing the classic where that kid McGowan hurt Worst for the championship, clueing the fans to notice this and notice that. My kind of guy.) He was fantastic in "Robin and the Seven Hoods," the Sinatra picture. I asked him if he could beat Gleason, who's supposed to carry the meanest stick in Hollywood, and Falk said he's heard Jackie is pretty good but has never shot with him. I asked if he wanted to split a little time but he just laughed. Odds he shoots mostly with the rat pack. They all shoot. Anyway, while he was telling me about what a bum break the ratings gave his TV show, this glassy-eyed blond kid, maybe 16, came over and wanted to look at my stick, which was still in the bag. He starts cooing over my stick—which is actually practically blue, because I'm sloppy with the chalk, but has a nice little imitation mother of pearl action on the barrel—screwing it and unscrewing it, and asks me if I want to shoot an hour Chicago, quarter-half, winner take all. "I only shoot straight," I told him. So then he tells me how about nine-ball, nickle a rack. I haven't got that kind of scratch, I only shoot straight, 14.1 pocket billards.

So he finally o.k.'s. He was a little hopped I think, and I beat him. I beat him. Hands down. And twice again. I gut him. He paid me nice and thanked me for the shooting. Six bills.

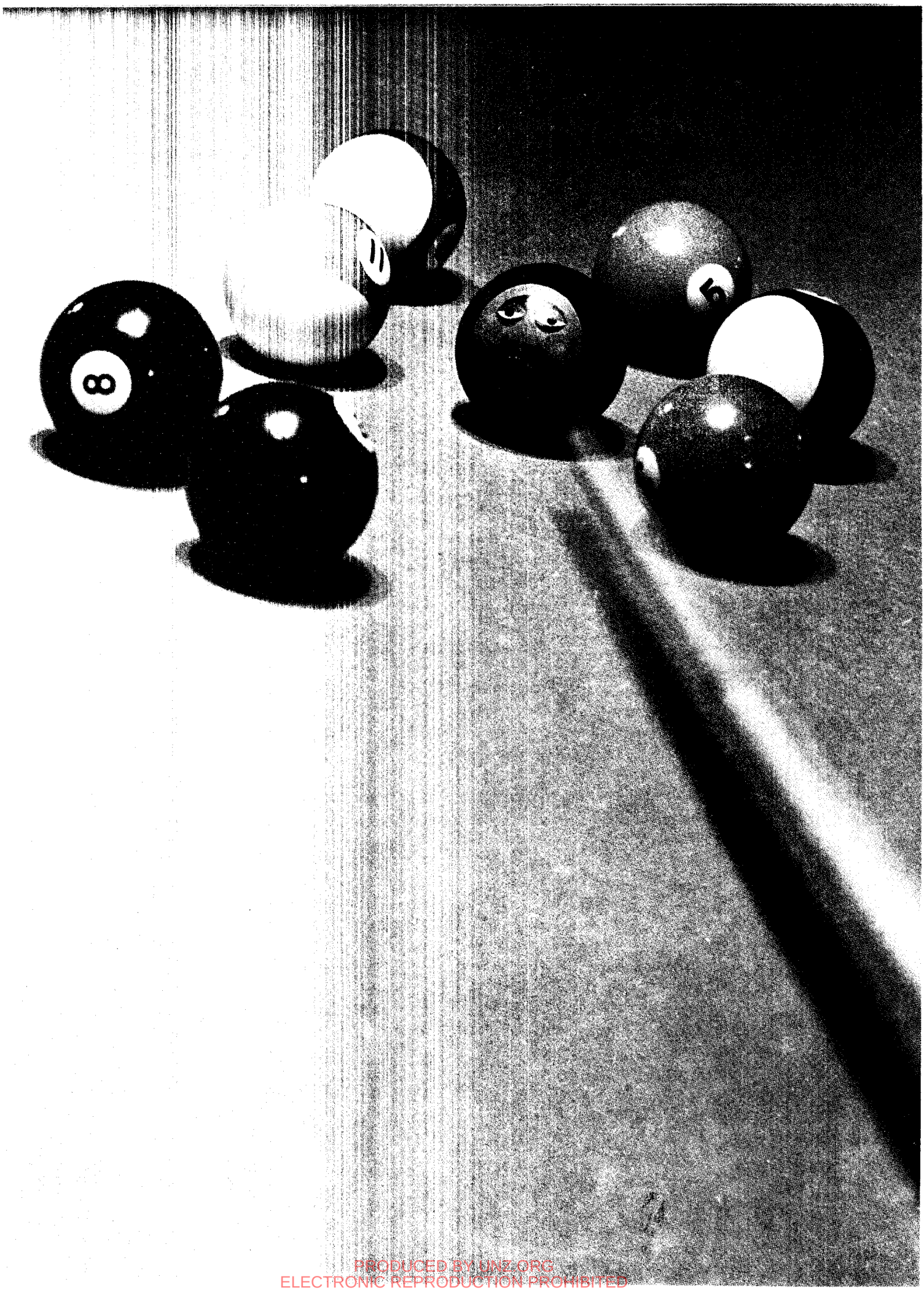
So I figured McGirr's is the emporium to play, very big downstairs, with character up the gigi and some greenies around, can't shoot their way out of a shopping bag. But the next night, I happened to be in the neighborhood, Times Square, so I thought I'd drop in on Ames, which I'd heard a lot about, naturally. They shot "The Hustler" there. Big time. Two old ladies punch your card, and on the wall back there they've got pictures of Fast Eddie, and Minnesota, right by the stairs where George C. Scott stood rattling his bones in the can. None of the chick. It's just like in the flick. Dank and smoky and green, lots of cigars, 30 or 40 guys digging a fat man roll three-cushion with a snooker cue, better than Hoppe, I swear, and big metal lanterns hanging low over every table. The only catch is one scene they showed Fast Eddie in this flea-bag looking out the window on the Ames open-all-night sign flashing, and there is no hotel across 44th there. Just a big sign says Bond Clothes. Maybe they changed it.

WHILE I WAS WATCHING the fat man finish his inning, the same blond kid came up and said, "I see you make the rounds," and I said the same for him. Then he nods me over to a table in the corner and lays three tens on the felt, which I match. The kid looked really wigged this time. I hated to take his wad, but I figured if he wants to blow it that's none of my bizazz. Insult's not my game. I lost the flip (no one lags in New York) and safe broke him with the cue ball hugging the head rail. Next thing I know he busts the pile on a four ball combination kisser, leaving everything inside the second diamond, nothing frozen. He ran eight and angled himself on the corner pocket. He raises the butt for a masse and I start breathing again and chalking up my stick. Masse's a billiard player's shot. It'll break your back. But there comes that cue ball, traveling like it had eyes on it. Knocks a hanger cross corner into the hole. I felt sick hearing it roll down the gully and drop into the tray. The kid started whistling "Barbara-Ann."

That's another thing you don't get in Boston. Whistlers. I figured it might have been his twin or someone I shot in McGirr's, because this boy had snap in his wrist like silly putty, pasting in caroms and bank shots. Shots

Photograph by Morton Beebe

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

nobody'd seen before. Naturally, a crew of oglers came by to pound their stick butts every time he sank a tough one. Which was most of the time. Nothing on that table was any picnic. Pretty soon he started talking cocky to the gallery, like, "Man, I shoot like *God*. I *command* that little white ball." He beat me three straight and didn't thank me for the time. I went to the bathroom after to wash the powder off my hands, but three guys were rolling craps against the wall and wouldn't let me near the sink. As I was splitting, a Negro guy yelled to me, "Only way you learn is play for money, Flash." And his buddy laughed and yelled, "Only way you learn is play for money when you got none in your *pocket*."

I was about ready to hang up that night. I might as well be feeding my scratch to the pigeons, I figured. But the next night I was coming out of Tad's (you get a steak there for a buck twenty-nine) on 48th Street and Seventh Avenue and a couple blocks down I saw this big colored rack and ball neon, so I walked over just to take a look. It says "Cushion & Cue: Mid-Town's Modern Billiard Lounge for Guys and Dolls. Now open 24 hours." So I went up.

Carpets, pink tables, blue tables, piped in show tunes—but not a fag hall. First thing, a wide-hipped rack girl in a tight skirt grabs my coat and, big smile, hands me a ticket. That's a quarter right there. Then who should I see warming up at a corner table but the blond kid from Ames and McGirr's. He waved to me and called out, "Coupla friendly frames?" I shook my head, and asked the girl for a green table over by the window. She ran over and racked my 15 for me, which I figured was good for another quarter. They've got some racket. You could hear a lot of guys there had graduated uptown from Music. They were talking how 14th Street Louie was getting hitched, or Skinny Max was making it on the road.

I hadn't shot through more than a few clusters when a Puerto Rican guy with a snappy little moustache came up and asked me if I wanted to play him an hour nine-ball. "I only shoot straight," I said. "I can no shoot straight," he said, very sad. I just shrugged and kept running. He stood there watching for a minute and saw I was a dog. "O.K.," he said. "I shoot you straight, time and two." I got hot, I knew just where that rock was running and creamed him twice. He said, "We play for five now." I'd been waiting for him to open up with the hustle, but I couldn't do much worse than break even on the sawbuck, so I nodded. He'd been reigning it in all right, but strictly a small-time shark. Starting my second inning I barely nudged the cue ball, grooving my stroke, and he yelled foul. "What is this?" I said, "Miniature golf?" "A foul a scratch, a scratch a foul," he yells. Now in competition, the ref will call you foul if a button pops off your shirt and lands on a ball. But guys playing friendly don't call you unless you miscue, shove the rock maybe a couple inches. "Nobody calls that," I said. "A foul a scratch, a scratch a foul," he yells. "It costs you one." Ten minutes later he had me 48-40 and hooked himself into the back of the pack on a crummy break. He nicked the cue ball and took the scratch so I did the same. Then we both did it again. "That's two," I said. "One more costs you 15." He nodded and chalked up and pushed for the head rail and that little white egg bloops smack into the corner pocket. "Tough break," I said. "You can forgive me that," he said.

I asked him if he was a comedian. Three scratches and you lose 15. "You forgive me that," he whined. I told him to get serious, the score was 38-30, mine. "You're no good," he said. "Shoot pool," I said. I beat him by one ball. "Now we play Chicago four-bits a weigh," he said. "First you owe me eight and the time," I said. "Green on the table." "What are you talking?" he said. "Money on the table," I said. "I'm not pay you," he said. "You're no good." I was trembling like a psycho. "Money on the table," I said. "How you like a cue-stick sandwich?" he said. "Don't follow me." Then he walked out and left me with the time.

I knew what I was supposed to do, whip out a shiv, bust his thumbs in the alley. I picked up my stick and started cleaning off the rest of the table, but my bridge was shaking so bad I couldn't pop a duck. A flit with one of those prince-type beards came by and took me for an easy ace. I knew then I ought to hang up for good. I haven't got any character. Not a pinky-full. My eye is the best part of my game; I figured I might shape into a fair bowler. There's dough in that now. Few years back, I played a lot of ping-pong, foam paddle. But I hate Y's. My trouble is, off the table, I think I'm a lot better than I am. In bed at night I can see all angles, my force-follow eating through that pile on Moscone side breaks, stop ball position on every stroke, unbelievable time shots, banking them hard across the rails. I can't get the table out of my head. Like a bad tune. Barbara-Ann. I feel on the edge of breaking loose. I run up the stairs to a hall two at a time, my hands tingly. Only after I get gutted, emptied out, then I know I've got a lot more to learn, or concentrate harder or something. Concentration, that's a lot of your game. A little improvement, I could go on the road maybe. Hit the towns—K.C., Orleans, Chicago. Maybe warm up in Boston again, just for a while.

Jacob Brackman is a writer on the staff of the New Yorker magazine.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

(continued from page 10)

Civil Liberties Union to represent them in court.

In 1963 the Los Angeles police department raided Muhammad's Mosque No. 27, and in the process they shot the place up, wounding several Muslims and killing one. In the aftermath, through some strange inversion of justice, a score of Muslims were hauled up on charges ranging from disturbing the peace to assault with intent to commit murder. The incident received international publicity and became a cause in the black ghetto. It was a confrontation of the white power structure by the extremist wing of the black revolution.

As the case progressed through the courts, with legal wrangling and changes of attorneys at every step, the attention of black America was focused on the case to see how the courts would treat such an outrageous case. The Muslims lost the case, the two black bourgeois attorneys who handled the case, Earl Broady and Loren Miller, were both soon appointed to judgeships by Governor Brown – Miller to the Municipal Court and Broady to the Superior Court – and four Black Muslims were sent to prison.

After they arrived in prison, officials separated them by sending each of them to separate institutions. They did this because Black Muslim inmates looked upon these men as heroes in that they were political prisoners who fell in the line of duty and not for committing petty crimes. Even though these men were heroes to the Nation of Islam, it became something of a scandal when the officials of the Nation outside failed to come to their heroes' aid with any legal support, so that they were reduced to the common practice of petitioning the courts *in propria persona* or appealing to the American Civil Liberties Union.

For these reasons and others less starkly dramatic, the Nation of Islam is dead in prisons, and it would take a visit by Allah in person to revive it. What black inmates now look to with rising hopes is the cry for Black Power and an elaboration of its details in the name of Malcolm X. In this connection, the most popular books being read by black inmates in prisons today, Black Muslims and just plain old fed-up Negroes are: *The Autobiography of Malcolm X, Malcolm X Speaks, Home, Call the Keeper, The Wretched of the Earth, Negroes with Guns,* and *Che Guevara On Guerrilla Warfare* – none of which lead to Mecca.

–Eldridge Cleaver

CUBA HAS 31 FLAVORS

MY TRAVEL AGENT had never before made arrangements for anyone to go to Cuba, and she didn't know how. "Aren't you afraid to go?" she asked. "How do you know they'll let you leave when you're ready to come home?"

It was in 1964 that the *Instituto Cubano por Amistad con los Pueblos* (ICAP) first invited me to the July 26 celebrations. After the second invitation in 1965, I asked the State Department's permission to go, but – despite the support of three California congressmen – they turned me down. After April, 1966, however, they decided that scholars could travel to restricted areas under certain conditions and with individual permission, and with a little difficulty I was finally awarded the tiny rubber-stamped notation in my passport. They still wouldn't let my wife go with me.

As we approached Havana, the stewardess asked all passengers whether they were *delegados*. Most were, and she gave them large cloth badges marked with that word. I said that I was an *invitado,* not a *delegado*. Insisting that the distinction was important, I declined the badge.

The *delegados* were asked to leave the plane first, were photographed by the press and were led off to a VIP waiting room. I went with the handful of other passengers to the customs counter, but had been there hardly a minute when someone came looking for me. "What is the matter, Mr. Windmiller?" he asked, and hustled me off to the VIP lounge and a daiquiri.

It looked like a press conference, with plenty of cameras. I said that I didn't want to participate, and was quickly taken to a private room, where three ICAP officials tried to understand my strange position. I explained that I was a college professor, not a revolutionary, and that I had come to observe, not to participate.

That they understood. "No problem," I was told. "A lot of people come to Cuba who don't want any publicity. We are experienced in these matters. Don't worry."

Finally, after agreeing to have my picture taken and to travel around with the *delegados,* I was taken off to the Havana Libre Hotel, nee Hilton.

The revolution has taken its toll of Hilton's magnificent structure. The carpets are soiled, the air conditioning gasps and doesn't quite make it. There is no hot water, and faucets are missing. But on the other hand there is no mistaking that it belongs to the people, and that they are enjoying it.

If you order Scotch in one of the swank bars it will cost you five bucks, but you can sit there and listen to the music all evening on a ten-cent *ersatz* coke. Rum drinks are only a trifle more.

Except for the bars and dining rooms, the Havana Libre is more political institution than hotel. Visitors are not allowed in the rooms without passes; some floors are off limits and guarded; a soldier with a machine gun once came out of the room next to mine. One of the three other Americans was convinced that the large mirrors by the elevators on each floor concealed television cameras. The one I examined was curiously mounted and had inexplicable wires coming out of it.

UNTIL THE OTHER AMERICANS ARRIVED, I had an ICAP guide, a driver, and a patched-up 1956 Cadillac all to myself for several days. The guide was a bright, *simpático,* sad-eyed young man who took the revolution seriously but who had not lost his sense of humor. The authority regarding my program quite clearly rested with an attractive 26-year-old girl named Lahania, who spoke good English and French, who had been an attache in the Cuban Embassy in Prague, and who was overseeing some foreign delegations in behalf of the Central Committee of the Cuban Communist Party. When not working for the Cen-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

tral Committee she attended classes at the University of Havana. She worked long hours, and obviously was of some importance.

I was asked what I wanted to see while I was in Cuba, and I provided a list of 15 items. It included schools, the political science department at the university, factories, hospitals, housing (good and bad), an interview with the leaders of the Tri-Continental Organization based in Havana, and a meeting with some members of the small American colony. Before I left I had managed all but three items on the list.

Our hosts also wanted to find out how the American and Canadian visitors were reacting to what they saw in Cuba. They scheduled interviews with each of us, asking what we liked and what we didn't like.

I answered them frankly, being careful to say, as I have to others since my return, that my observations were of limited value, given the short duration of my visit and my inability to understand more than a few words of Spanish.

I didn't like the manifestations of the authoritarian state – the regimentation, the intense nationalism, the propagandistic press, the absence of meaningful political freedom and opposition to the government. I also disagreed with Cuba's foreign policy. I criticized these things to the Cubans when I had an opportunity, because I felt I should be honest; but I also felt rather presumptuous doing it. What American has the right to criticize authoritarianism in Cuba when the United States backs authoritarian regimes all over the globe and is itself responsible for much of the pressure that makes authoritarianism inevitable in Cuba?

THE FIRST THING that a foreigner notices about Cuba is that it is a country of shortages. Almost everything is rationed, and many commodities which are not rationed are nevertheless in short supply. On any given day you can see people lined up in front of stores. Sometimes the line forms the night before.

Rationing began in March, 1962, and includes lard, vegetable oil, rice, all types of beans, soap, detergent, toothpaste, beef, chicken, fish, milk, vegetables and clothing. Some of these items are only rationed in the cities. The rations are modest: six ounces of beans, one and a half ounces of coffee, one pound of chocolate, a quarter pound of beef per person per week; three pounds of rice (the main staple) per person per month. But I saw no one who looked hungry. Rationing does not affect the restaurants nor the workers' canteens, and children, old people and students get special allotments. I asked for a full rundown on rationing, but it never materialized.

A meal at a workers' restaurant costs only about 50 cents, but the fare is undistinguished. "We don't have very much," I was told, "but everybody has something." It was not that way under Batista, and many Cubans have not forgotten it.

This spring the government constructed a modernistic ice cream parlor in the center of town, the Copelia, which takes up an entire block and features a variety of flavors and creations that rivals Howard Johnson. The place is crowded at ten in the morning and jammed in the evening with lines extending around the block.

There are also long lines in front of the movies. While I was there, the French film "Le Bonheur" was packing them in and causing great controversy. There is theater, ballet, the Tropicana night club, the beaches and parks, and street bands on weekends. While the economy is grim, the Cubans still can have a good time.

The poor state of the economy is often blamed on the American blockade. Its symbol, a U. S. naval surveillance vessel, can be easily seen lying outside Havana harbor, and its presence is bitterly resented. Several times people contemptuously pointed out to me the *barco americano*.

But perhaps more important factors are the low world price of sugar, the low level of Cuban productivity, and the conflict between the professionals and the ideologues – between technicians who know their jobs and operators who know their Marxism-Leninism. The latter problem has led to much of the middle-class defection from Cuba, and partly accounts for the rabid anti-communism of the defectors.

I found several level-headed people, however, who were aware of the latter problem, and who felt that progress was being made. "We are gradually rooting the incompetents out of positions of importance," I was told. A party official in a small town told me that they didn't use the often heard term *gusano* ("worm") to describe the defectors; he said they still had friends around who didn't like it, and it didn't help matters to make them angry.

BUT IF CUBA is a country of shortages and problems, it is also a country of visible progress. I saw a great deal of new construction, gigantic new housing developments, hospitals and schools. The regime obviously places an enormous value on education, and it is there that one sees the most enthusiasm and movement.

The country appears to have been turned into a vast classroom, with technological education and science given highest priority. Everywhere people of all ages are attending some sort of school. Many students are also part-time teachers: university students teaching high school, high school students teaching elementary school. This each-one-teach-one principle is the main theme of the *Instituto Pedagogico Makarenko*, named after the Soviet educationist who theorized along these lines. I visited the institute and saw its students teaching in schools in the surrounding countryside.

A party official told me of a mass local assembly just held in his town to give people a forum in which to air their grievances about local government. On July 17, 294 of these assemblies were held simultaneously all over Cuba. Many of the gripes of the people were reported in the press.

The Central Committee organ, Granma, reported the complaint of one worker: "Every day those of us who live in tenement rooms in bad conditions – and there are others who live in worse places – see a great many official offices in the town installed in very good houses. I think these housing problems are more important than beautifying the town."

The president of the municipal administration replied: "The Revolution does not have superfluous organizations. Nonetheless, the matter will be looked into."

Another worker complained that cement was being used to repair parks while many houses still were without floors. The president responded: "Everyone knows the situation of our country with regard to housing. There are a

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Soviet Union has changed from being a country whose means of production were owned by the working people to one controlled and owned by a new exploiting class... Profit has replaced planning the economy for the benefit of the workers ... The Soviet Union is the main and most powerful center of revisionism... In Vietnam both the Soviet Union and the U.S. want the revolution crushed now! Revolutionaries should not enter into Soviet-inspired alliances. They are traps to thwart the revolution.

ROAD TO REVOLUTION—II
Statement of the Progressive Labor Party

The Election circus has come and gone... Johnson and the policies for which he is fronting have become so suspect that the ruling class is setting up a new group of "Joe Sinceres" for coming elections... The most dangerous of all the latest shooting stars is Bobby Kennedy. This boy-wonder, who could easily have been the star of Peyton Place in his younger days, instead chose to star for Sen. Joe McCarthy and other inquisitors. Being bright, rich and apparently pleasant-looking, he moved over to liberalism. In his newer trappings, best suited to his "charming" manner, Bobby has become the darling of the Left.

LESSON OF THE ELECTIONS:
DECLINE OF LIBERALISM

Certainly the impetus given to unionization by the sit-down strikes of 1936-37 was the main force that finally brought more than five millions into the emerging CIO... One union, the UAW, can be singled out... One company, more than any other, General Motors... One part of the GM empire, Flint, Michigan ... for 44 days and nights... the workers finally emerged with a decisive victory.

GREAT FLINT STRIKE 1936-37:
Pages from working class history

Keep the fire of the August Revolution ablaze... commemorate with revolutionary action the Indonesian Revolution... what happened in Indonesia? What lessons must radicals and revolutionaries learn from the counter-revolution?

LESSONS OF THE INDONESIAN COUNTER-REVOLUTION (also, two articles from Indonesian students in exile.)

When one-third of the work force struck General Electric the walk-out contained within it the kernal of nearly every problem confronting the U.S. labor movement...

G. E. STRIKE—AN ANALYSIS

Also in the latest issue of *Progressive Labor*

- On methods of criticizing art and literature: "Shop on Main Street"
- Mao Tse-tung and his contributions to Marxian philosophy
- Program for student activists: worker-student alliance
- Poetry by Rewi Alley and New York Poets
- Migratory workers in New York State: Special Supplement

Progressive Labor • Dept. FR, GPO Box 808, Brooklyn, N.Y., 11201

..... Please enter 1 year subscription to PL (Bimonthly) at $2.50

..... Please enter combination subscription to PL & Challenge (PL Revolutionary monthly paper of NYC) at $4.00

..... Please enter combination subscription to PL & Spark (PL West Coast Voice of Revolution) at $3.50

Name .....

Address .....

City ..... State ..... Zip .....

Make checks payable to Progressive Labor

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

great many houses that do not meet minimum standards. We have stressed the efforts being made, and Fidel himself has spoken about this problem. We know that neighborhoods like *El Hoyo* exist, where housing conditions are very bad, and others as well. But these are not problems that can be solved with a couple of bags of cement, which is the amount used to put a park in good order. And, we mustn't forget that recreational parks are needed for children and for old people."

And so it went. Not exactly a New England town meeting, but perhaps a step in that direction.

Above the hundreds of meetings and conferences that seem to be taking place everywhere there is the towering figure of Fidel. The exiles in Florida report various things about him: that he is dead, that there are two doubles, that he is insane and goes to eastern Europe for shock treatment.

I had never met Fidel before I passed down the receiving line arranged for the foreign visitors. He seemed pretty authentic to me: tall, immaculately groomed, *simpático,* bursting with nervous energy, and exuding charisma. After the formalities he walked into a large hall and submitted to more than an hour of questions and lectures from the foreign visitors who crowded around him. It is hard to escape his magnetism, even across the language barrier.

SHORTLY AFTER I LEFT CUBA, I had the opportunity to visit South Vietnam. In July, I was sitting in the bar at the top of the Havana Libre gazing at the *barco americano,* as it reminded the Cubans of impending destruction should forbidden cargo be brought into their harbor. In August, I was sitting at the top of Saigon's Hotel Caravelle, watching American artillery tear up the Vietnamese countryside a short distance away.

On both occasions I found myself reflecting over the same question: do the communists fully realize how powerful we are, what we can do to them?

I had several discussions in Cuba about the war in Vietnam, for it is a subject in which Cubans and their visitors have an intense interest. Everywhere in Cuba there are posters on Vietnam; students have sand tables on the war in their classrooms; the new Czech-donated shoe factory outside Havana is named after Nguyen Van Troi—the young Vietnamese electrician who tried to assassinate Robert McNamara in Saigon and who was publicly executed by the Ky regime.

Cubans seem to see bigger issues at stake than American public opinion or the survival of the Vietnamese people. Vietnam, as Cuban students said with their card stunts at the sports arena, had to be the cemetery of imperialism; it was the great showdown, it must prove once and for all that imperialism cannot crush the worldwide national liberation struggle. To make concessions in Vietnam would just encourage imperialism elsewhere.

I realized that I was looking at the reverse side of some familiar dominoes. The perspective was hard and rigid. The ideologues of the left were determined to destroy the tyrants of the right regardless of the cost in lives. It was not an encouraging sight for anyone who wants to see an end to the suffering of the Vietnamese people.

My visit left me with some ambivalent feelings. As a professor of international relations whose work requires political freedom, I could not be happy in Cuba as long as its government remains authoritarian. But the old order has been swept away, and the foundations of a new and better society can be seen rising in the schools all over the island.

It will not be a free society for some time yet, but it will be educated, and as the level of education rises, so will the demand for freedom. Ahead may lie the worst excesses of the cult of the individual or the madness of a Chinese "cultural revolution." There will certainly be much travail and unhappiness, but I have the feeling that eventually the Cubans may achieve a stable and prosperous society.

— Marshall Windmiller

Society: Charity at the Cheetah

YOUR NAME IS BILL MILLER. You own a Greenwich Village shop. You cater to camps in men's clothing. Your work is your life. You're wearing a pleated bolero shirt, a dinner jacket with puffed cuffs and bell-bottomed tuxedo slacks that you've designed yourself.

Now you're opening an annex to your store, and you want to celebrate that fiscal fact with the proper publicity. You figure on spending about $1000. You speak to a public relations man whose former account was The Cheetah, a pop discotheque. He persuades you to spend an additional $1000 and mark the store-opening occasion by sponsoring a benefit ball at The Cheetah.

The theoretical beneficiary will be Muscular Dystrophy.

Another public relations man promises you that the story will break in Phil Santora's column in the out-of-town edition of The New York Daily News. "It has a million circulation," he tells you, stretching the truth 400 per cent. You don't understand why it won't appear in the regular (circulation: 1,775,000) local edition.

A reporter asks this public relations man why Muscular Dystrophy is being given the benefit of the ball.

This public relations man responds, "Why not?"

"No, seriously," he smiles, continuing, "Bill has friends at MD."

Not only do you have friends at MD, but you've even sent a pair of complimentary tickets (at $7.50 per, tax deductible) to each of the city's seven MD units. For *staff* members, presumably; it wouldn't be in exactly the best of taste to display 14 shaky victims of Muscular Dystrophy on a discotheque dance floor.

The reporter confesses to the PR man, "I thought maybe the proceeds are going to MD because that's your account."

"Don't put *that* past him," states his female companion.

The ball is advertised as a costumed charity benefit with a warning: "If

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

you're not there, you may not live to regret it." Tell *that* to the MD kids.

The program is called a "Magical Happening." The organizers hope to have a live medium present to perform a mass seance, but he never shows up. Probably got lost in the teleportation.

Zacherley shows up, though. His reputation has been made as a result of introducing midnight horror movies on television in a sort of poor-man's-Boris-Karloff style. He also emcees teenage dances. He emcees this one, blatantly unsure of where the funds are supposed to go, despite a reminder in the form of a poster on the wall featuring Jerry Lewis with child and legend: "Help lift him from his wheelchair."

Zacherley's main function seems to be that of making announcements urging guests to gobble up refreshments. Namely, a hot dog and coffee at 75¢. The concessionaire has no idea of what proportion of his gobble-proceeds will go to Muscular Dystrophy.

Another concession Zacherley keeps plugging is a spin-art booth imported from the Village. Very few spin-artists, however, appear willing to spend $1 for what they could get at 50¢ in its natural surroundings. The sign on the booth says "All proceeds go to MD," followed by "after expenses" in invisible ink.

A trio of contemporary folk heroines – three bunnies from the Playboy Club – circulate their cannisters for Muscular Dystrophy, accompanied by the message: "Give when your neighbor calls." (Would *you* want to live next door to a Playboy Bunny?) They're in formal dress (black ears) and Playboy sweatshirts. They introduce themselves over the microphone as Bunny Joyce or Bunny Norma with such humble reverence as one might expect from a nun introducing herself as Sister Joyce or Sister Norma.

They are matched by The Cheetah's official bouncers, mean and tough-looking in their black turtleneck sweaters, which they wear under tuxedos.

The *un*official costumes include Batman and Batgirl (Robin is home, sulking); a Hell's Angel; Little Annie Fanny; a drag queen; a leather queen with a chain necklace; an Arab who looks very Jewish; a Victorian prostitute; a pregnant girl in bridal gown and bouquet; one-third of the Three Musketeers; and someone dressed quite skillfully as a table with MD leaflets on top reading: "There is now every reason to believe that the war against dystrophy and related diseases will be won in the not-too-distant future."

Was this a sample battle?

A woman staffer from the main office of MD tells a reporter that "all" proceeds of the benefit ball are going to Muscular Dystrophy.

The public relations man says that all proceeds are going to MD after expenses.

The final proceeds that go to MD are $1000.

Your name is Bill Miller. You've gotten some publicity for your new clothing store, met a lot of awfully sweet people in the process, and gotten back your $2000 to boot.

Mother was right. Charity *does* begin at home.

– Paul Krassner

Biography

MEMOIRS OF A SOUTHERN GENTLEMAN
[PART II]

26 year old Julian Bond was recently re-elected to the Georgia Legislature from Atlanta. Previously, the legislature had denied him his seat because of his views on the war in Vietnam.

by Julian Bond

WHEN I BEGAN WORKING FOR SNCC in 1961, the office was located in a windowless cubicle on Atlanta's Auburn Avenue. Present were James Forman, executive secretary; Norma Collins, who was called the office manager; and John Hardy, man of all work.

Forman had found my name in the files he was attempting to put together out of the ruin left by a long succession of previous executive secretaries – from Jane Stembridge, a white Union Theological School graduate to Edward King, a Negro student from the Kentucky sit-ins to Charlie Jones, then SNCC's man in southwest Georgia.

Forman called me up and asked me to "come down for an afternoon or two, do some writing, help out in the office."

At the time I was a student at Morehouse College. I had left a job as managing editor of the Atlanta Inquirer, a new Negro weekly that had grown out of the sit-ins. Morehouse was boring. I spent my days at the drugstore, drinking coffee. The Atlanta student Movement – so vital during the fall and winter of 1960-61 – was on the ebb. I accepted his offer, came and stayed.

Ed King and Wyatt Tee Walker of SCLC were without a doubt the best-dressed men in a Movement of well-dressed men. (The SNCC's all laughed at Wyatt's pressed, creased blue jeans in Albany the next year.) But neither Ed nor Charlie Jones who followed him were administrators, and the task of building and maintaining a base and staff fell on Forman's shoulders.

He and I wrote a sort of leaflet called something like "These Students Demonstrate For You!" It showed a blurry line of Negro high school students in McComb, and explained the summer and fall of harassment and death that had occurred there. This piece was sent to a list of names Forman had culled from the mountains of unfiled and misfiled correspondence in the office, and with the first returns, SNCC was on its way. (In the summer of 1960, the filthy rich Atlanta Movement had helped pay some SNCC bills, something some Atlantans in SNCC never let Forman forget. On rare occasion Wyatt Tee Walker, when caught in the bank making a deposit for SCLC, could be counted on to pay a few more.)

In 1962 I became a model and posed for a Royal Crown Cola ad, widely reprinted in poster fashion to capture what the ad agencies call the minority market. It has made me better known in Selma as "the Coca Cola man" than as a member of the Georgia legislature, which gives you pause about advertising.

Forman built up the office, the files, relationships with the press, and kept the staff in the field – then consisting of 16 persons huddled in McComb – eating.

Then Herbert Lee was killed in Liberty. Brenda Travis was expelled from

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Burgland High School in McComb, and a student march resulted in the arrest of 109 students and most of the SNCC staff. They took the sheriff's advice and sped out of town. Some left Mississippi and never returned South. But Jones, Sherrod and Reagon went to Albany and built the base that SCLC was founded on, while Bob Moses set up in Jackson and began to probe the Delta.

At the urging of Forman and Bob Moses, I took a two-week trip to Mississippi in January and February 1963. Bob wanted someone to write about the people there. He met me at the Jackson airport and we drove—Hollis Watkins and Curtis Hayes and Bob and myself—to McComb. A California amateur movie maker was to produce a film on SNCC's work, interviewing local people and SNCC workers. We were to meet in McComb and set up interviews for him.

On the trip down from Jackson, Hollis and Curtis talked about Bob and the early Movement in McComb. Curtis had spent the summer in Wisconsin, picking apples, and when he got back he'd called his girlfriend. She told him, "There's a man in town who's related to Martin Luther King telling everybody to vote." Curtis left home and stayed with Moses and the Movement for three years.

AS THE STAFF grew larger—both in and outside of the office—we required new quarters. We had wanted to locate near Atlanta's four Negro colleges on the West Side, but a Negro dealer in church supplies offered us the upstairs of a warehouse he was converting into a store.

Lovely little Bertha Gober, expelled from Albany State College in Albany, Georgia, after she sat-in at the bus station in violation of the school administration's orders, came to work in the barn, as we called the Auburn Avenue warehouse. She had a voice that no one could match, clear and husky at the same time, and when she sang with Charlie Jones' bass and Cordell's tenor it was like listening to every mass meeting you'd ever been to.

When Herbert Lee was killed, she wrote a song, "We'll Never Turn Back." It went, *"We've been buked and we've been scorned; we've been talked about sure as you're borned; we have hung our heads and cried, for those like Lee who died, but we'll never turn back, no we'll never turn back."* Some SNCC people objecting then to "We Shall Overcome," would sing "We'll Never Turn Back" with a different emotion. Both songs contained that same element, a sort of corny promise that no fear or force would halt the Movement. But Lee's real death and Bertha's voice and the knowledge that her song was our song while the other a borrowed church-to-union, picket line-to-Movement song chilled it for us.

The next move took SNCC to an office off Hunter Street, Atlanta's second Negro business artery. The new place was large and new, close to the campuses. We soon took over an apartment next door where we set up our print shop and photo darkroom, and Danny Lyons began to turn out the best photos the Movement has ever seen.

The print shop run by Mark Suckle and Wilson Brown, with an assist from my brother, James Bond, was our pride and joy. Suckle became an adept layout man, Brown a master printer, and my brother a classic press watcher. In the summer of 1964, during the Mississippi Summer Project, we wrote and printed 40,000 copies of SNCC's organ, the Student Voice, every week, as well as thousands of posters and leaflets that were enough to make anybody lay down his hoe and run to the registrar's office.

In the summer of 1964 the SNCC office never closed. It kept in constant touch with the national SNCC office in Greenwood, Mississippi, where Forman set up shop, and with the money offices in New York, Boston, Chicago, San Francisco and Los Angeles. That summer was a dark-room, typewriter, printing press, addressograph war, fought all night and day.

AND WHEN THAT SUMMER ended, a part of SNCC ended too. Bob Coles, the Harvard psychiatrist, says that some SNCC people, and some of the volunteers, suffered from "battle fatigue." No one sang after the summer. And no one sings the same way now.

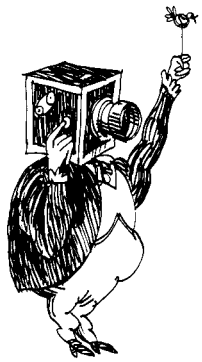
In early September, 1966, I left my job with SNCC. A reporter asked if I'd join another civil rights organization and I said, "I belong to the NAACP; that's enough."

The next day the paper said, "Bond says he will join the NAACP. He has been a member of that organization for years."

I had not been "working" since the legislature made me an authority on Vietnam, and I started to go around shaking hands and making speeches and drinking cocktails, and not catching names, and meeting the person again on my next trip that way and saying, "Of course I remember; it was the rally in Central Park, right?" And they would say, "As a matter of fact, it wasn't."

I had been elected by Black Power, rejected by white power, and I found that neither one completely represented the power I thought would make the changes I needed made. I had begun to receive honors based on my ability to represent at once youth, peace and civil rights, and wanted only to represent the 136th District of Georgia.

Art:



THE GAME IS RIGGED

ARTHUR LISCH is a San Francisco artist who, among other things, for the past eight years has been making chess sets. The difference about Lisch's fourth chess set, pictured here, is that one side is "good" and the other is "bad." With the usual chess set, one has the choice between red or white and black, and besides determining who moves first, one could care less which side he plays. It is impossible to imagine Lisch's chess pieces *not* inspiring fierce loyalties from the players. To create embodiments of such abstractions as good or evil, as Mr. Lisch says, is "presumptuous." But one never minds presumptions when they are correct: there is something very correct about the goodness and badness of the Lisch pieces.

In fact, in the arena of morality

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

(Good Lord!)

Does the Rover 2000 TC really require "erotic references for proper description"? [See Nº 4 below.]

AS YOU MAY RECALL, here is what Car and Driver magazine had to say in their May, 1966 road test report on the Rover 2000 TC. At any rate it does no harm to repeat it. Italics theirs, numbers ours:

1] *"We have driven a Rover 2000 TC for nearly 3000 miles, on all kinds of roads and in every kind of weather, and we believe that it is absolutely the best sedan that has ever been presented in the pages of this magazine...it is an automotive milestone."*

2] "We recorded acceleration times for the 2000 TC that are better—up to about 70 mph—than those of the Porsche 912, for instance."

3] "It will maintain effortless cruising speeds in excess of anything U.S. laws will allow—yet it offers fuel economy that would do justice to a tiny austerity sedan."

4] "...bending it into a high-speed corner imparts a sensation that requires erotic references for proper description."

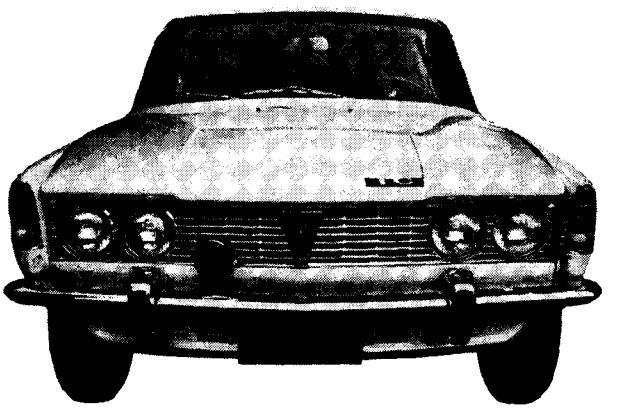
5] "When you're settled in your seat, with everything adjusted to your taste, you have a well-fitted, made-to-measure feeling that is quite unique."

6] "It is a supremely comfortable four-passenger sedan...Its trim and appointments and the quality of its finish throughout are equal to any of the six luxury cars we tested last year. The ride is satin-smooth...Below 80 mph the interior is virtually silent..."

7] "And it stops. Oh dear, does it stop! Our normal series of panic stops from eighty to zero were the fastest we've ever recorded and so smooth and stable that we were almost bored by the time we finished our third run."

8] "With all this, it is a bona fide 'safety' car—one designed specifically to avoid accidents whenever they *can* be avoided, and to provide the greatest possible protection to its occupants when they cannot."

9] "We...think that every so-called safety expert and every member of top management in the domestic auto companies should be required to spend a month with the Rover 2000 TC, as we did. This car...is a rare combination of virtually everything one should have in an automobile."



Test drive the 2000 TC yourself. Price: $4195. *(Technical specifications and prices subject to change without notice.)*

The Rover Motor Co. of N. America Ltd., Chrysler Bldg., New York, N.Y. 10017

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

dramas, a chess game with the Lisch pieces would be far superior to *Paradise Lost*. Milton's Satan is really the hero, partly because his God and Michael are so pompous and sure of themselves. One likes Satan better for having fallen. But the Lisch bad men are really evil, loathsomely so. The rook has no soul – just a newspaper. The king and queen are creepy hags behind their youthful IBM smiles. Phonies. They look as if they are even mean to one another. And as a community they are eager to take anything over; their knights are paratroopers with big guns. These are the type who give to the Community Chest as a ruse, while they secretly know that might makes right. (One can imagine Santa Claus getting grabby if he were to use those awful starving white pawns in a traditional chess game.)

The good people have as their most recognizable quality – happiness, of course. One of the knights leans upon his sword, a pen, victoriously pensive; he has metaphorically killed grayness in the shape of a head beneath his foot. The pawns are a cross between trolls and the Rolling Stones; the bishops, mystics (look at their eyes!), and the king and queen, whom one likes to stare at for hours, their expressions are so sweet, love one another. (McNamara himself, if he were to play the side of these ingenuous people, might find himself wandering the board almost aimlessly, abandoning strategy for kindness as he passes by the bad but vulnerable bishop.)

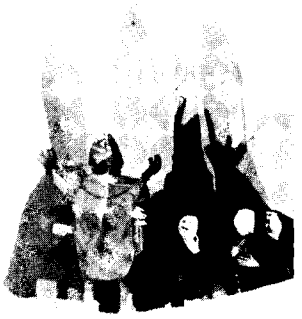
Arthur Lisch and his friend-photographer, Steven Moore, have used these chessmen to create stories in photography. They remove the little men from the chess board, and carry them around the city, to different settings: the federal building, a park, asphalt; and there Lisch sets up stories while Moore takes pictures. Even removed from the chess board, the little men are in conflict. In the drama pictured here, the bad group, whom Lisch calls "technological society" appear to be winning, as they connive about in the background, and bully their way to the foreground. But the good man, his little wooden arms stretched lovingly about, wins – simply by being. Maybe might makes right, but not for long, because this game is rigged.

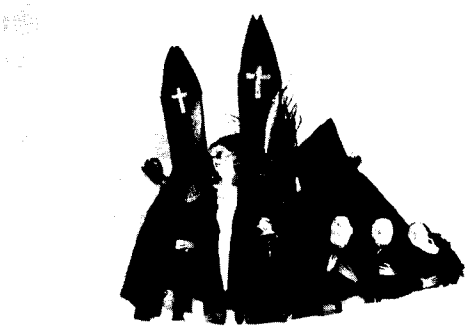
– Susan Griffin-Levy

1

2

3


4


5

6

7

8

9

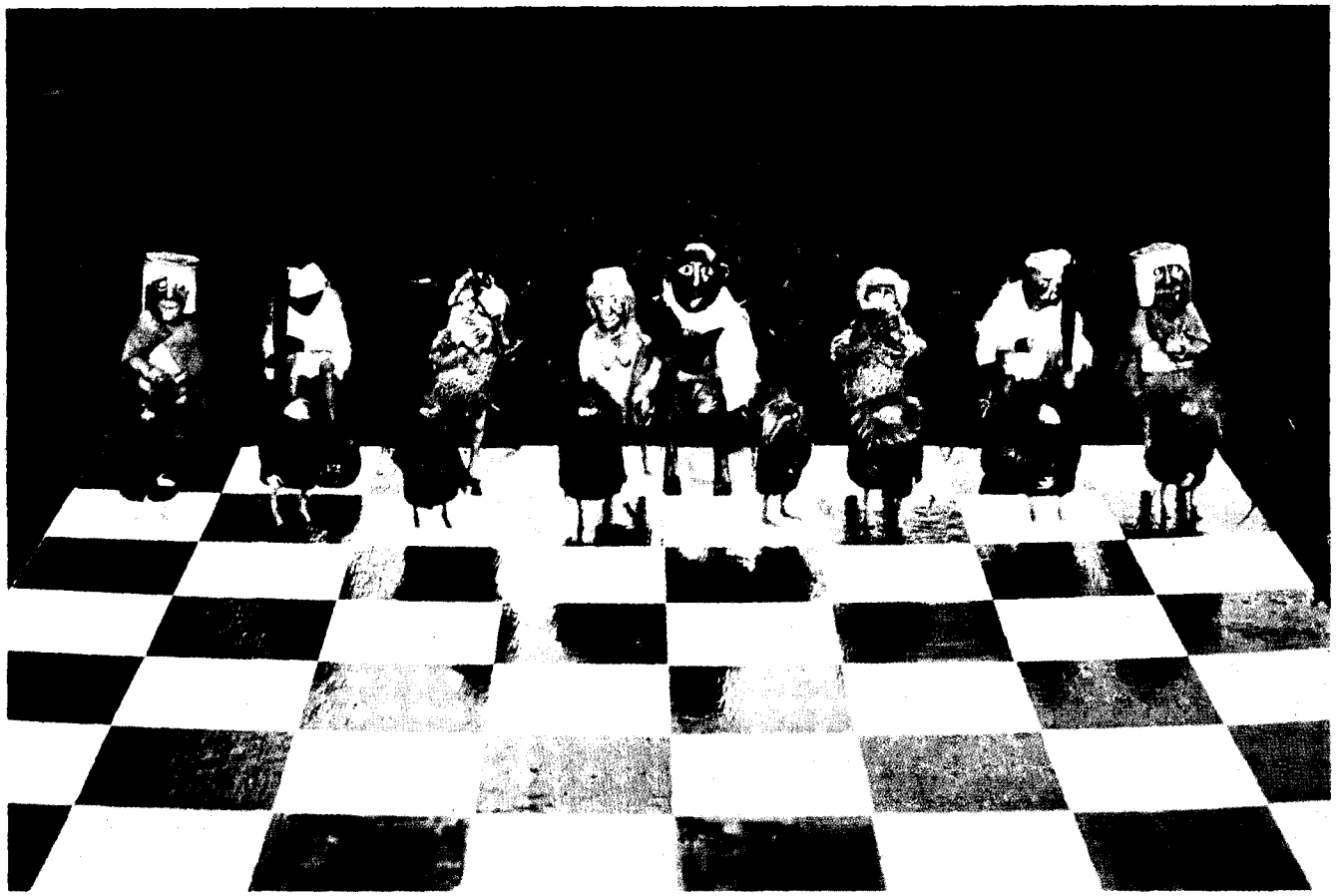
10

Photography by Steve I

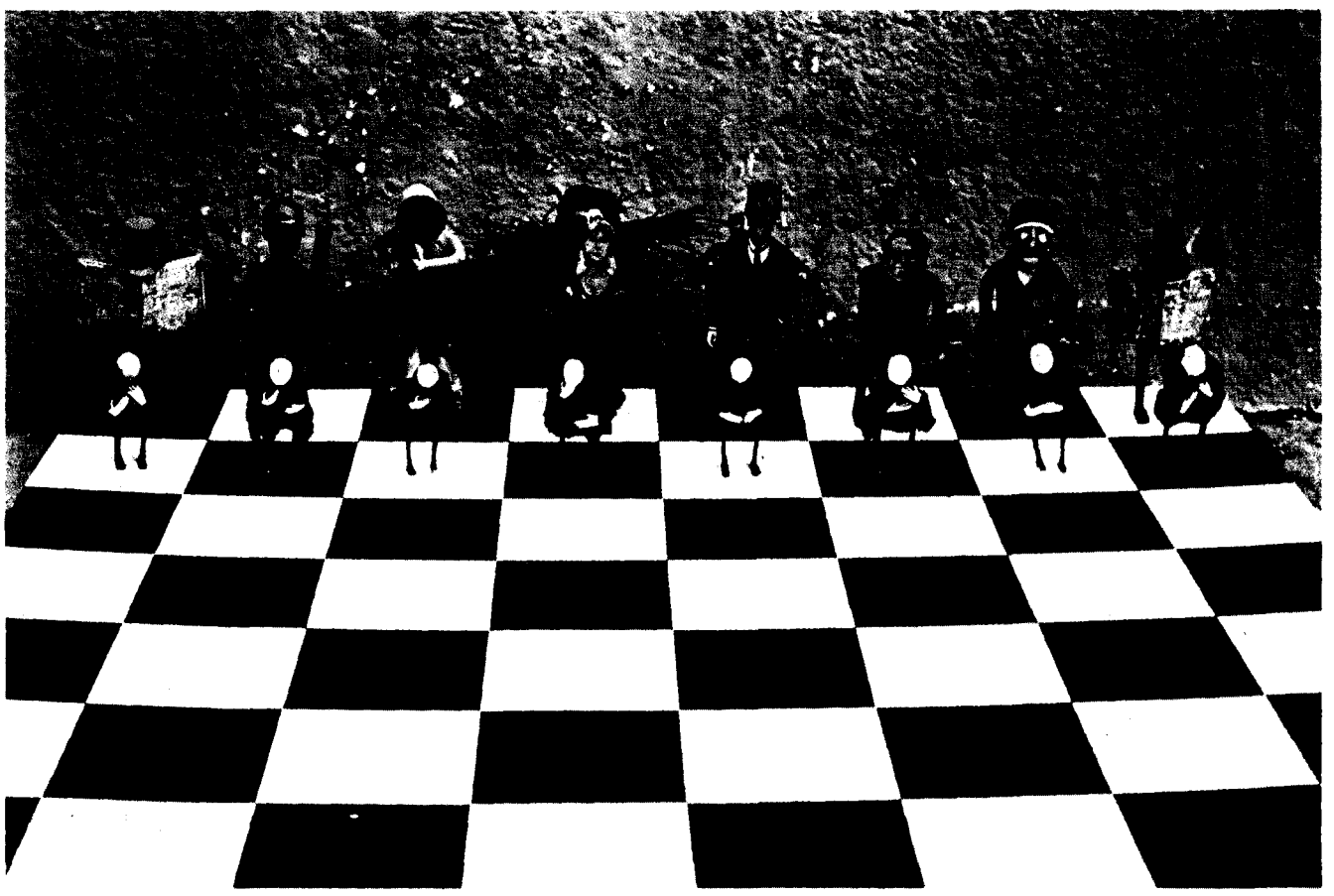
PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ARTHUR LISCH'S RIGGED GAME [*See next page for additional photographs*]

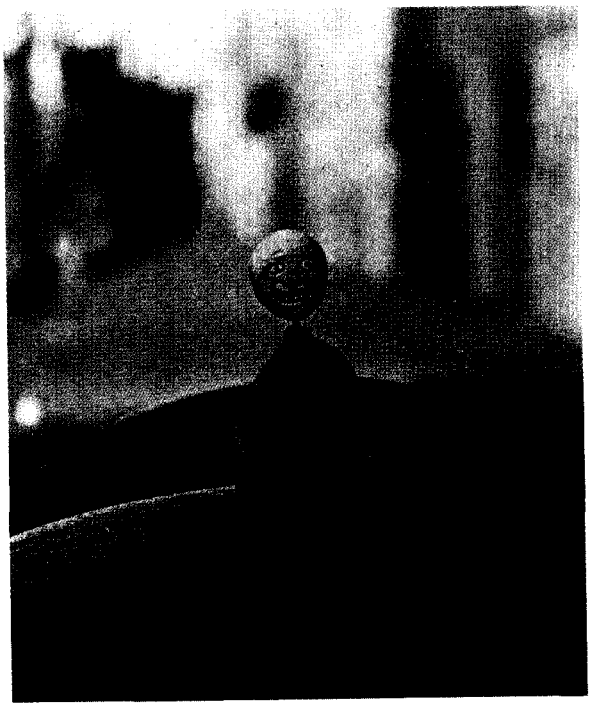
ood
Set"



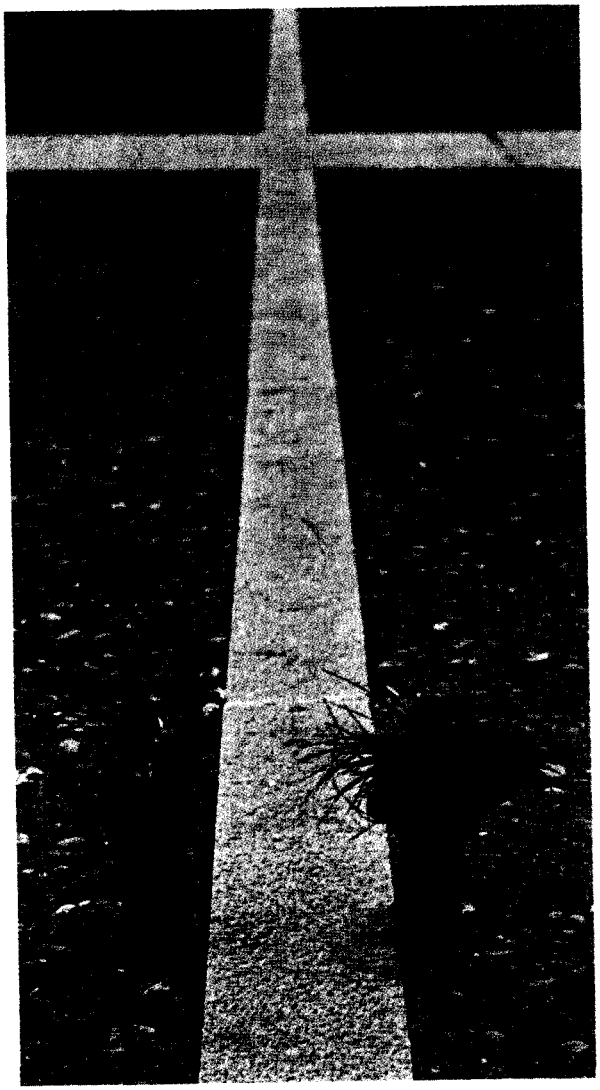
Bad
Set"



PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Arthur Lisch's Rigged Game, *continued*



PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Jessica Mitford wants to unload her island.

Why, we cannot imagine; it is such a lovely place. Perhaps she, like Dr. Johnson, isn't an island sort of person.

However, Ramparts is bent on finding it a good home; and we will spend as long as is necessary to do so [watch this space].

Actually it already *has* a good home: a great, ten bedroom, gabled, chimneyed, white stone castle—with its own electricity.

It also has its own graveyard [The Hebrides Way of Death, c. 1100 A.D.], and a historically important chapel from the VIth Century. And no telephones, anywhere.

This grand little island is called *Inch Kenneth* [*Inch:* island; *Kenneth:* a follower of St. Columba] and is located in the Hebrides, just off the coast of Scotland. It is also the spot where Dr. Samuel Johnson and his biographer, James Boswell, stayed during their famed tour through the Hebrides in the Fall of 1773.

According to Boswell's *Journals,* the two were understandably quite taken with the little island until Boswell became lyrical, saying "I was resolved to have it for an elegant retreat for our family during a month or two in summer. I really indulged thoughts of buying it."

To which Dr. Johnson replied,

"Sir, the only person who would wish to buy an island is the one who had never owned one."

Have *you* ever owned an island?

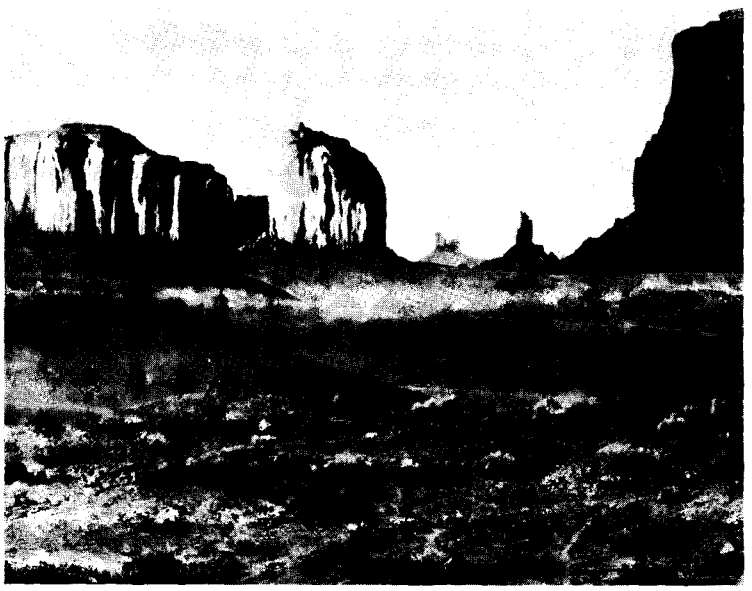
For further information write Jessica Mitford Treuhaft, 301 Broadway, San Francisco, California.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

PRIMEVAL LANDSCAPES; A Catalogue

THESE are books about places that have somehow remained untrammelled; places where there is still the possibility of recalling primeval thoughts, of perceiving one's precious moment in the scheme of things. They are part of the world's most acclaimed collection, the Sierra Club's Exhibit Format Series.

They are propaganda books of a kind, as well, and surely the most lavishly produced ones in history. Each of them details the fight against a contemporary mentality,



MONUMENT VALLEY—Philip Hyde.

obsessed by technology, which in the name of commerce would destroy the forces that made us.

"The Place No One Knew," for example, was Glen Canyon, a glorious sight, and one of the most revealing of the forces that shaped the Earth. Our book appeared just as Glen Canyon began to die under a deep reservoir, the creation of a dam built to generate commercial power. "Time and the River Flowing," a brilliant photographic portrait of Grand Canyon, also warns of an inundation threat there, as unthinkable an idea as that may seem.

The other books warn of other things—the disappearance of the redwoods, the dangers to our coastlines, rivers, mountains, and all else wild. But primarily they are celebrations of nature by Man, using his tools of words, classic photography and the best devices of the very technology that may still perhaps be prevented from gaining the ultimate control.

The first of three new books is "Summer Island," a photographic discovery of the Maine coastline by Eliot Porter. "Kauai," a second new offering, visits the strange and incredible Hawaiian Island which is the world's greenest place, its wettest place and one of its most beautiful. Third, is "Navajo Wildlands," with extraordinary photographs by Philip Hyde.

The books in the Sierra Club Exhibit Format Series are hard cover, 10¼" x 13½", printed on high gloss paper. (The three new books, like many in the series, use Kromekote.) Most of them contain approximately 170 pages at least half of which are photographs, many of them color plates. The books are in gravure or full color lithography, and are designed and edited by David Brower. They have been termed by several distinguished reviewers the most beautiful books in the world, and the production, design and graphics have received frequent honors, including the 1965 Carey-Thomas Award, which called the series "The outstanding achievement in creative publishing in the United States."

- ☐ SUMMER ISLAND: Penobscot Country. Photos by Eliot Porter. Introduction by Carl W. Buchheister. $25.
- ☐ KAUAI and the Park Country of Hawaii. Photos and text by Robert Wenkam. $25.
- ☐ NAVAJO WILDLANDS: As Long As The Rivers Shall Run. $25.
- ☐ THE PLACE NO ONE KNEW: Glen Canyon on the Colorado. Text and photos by Eliot Porter. $25.
- ☐ EVEREST: The West Ridge. The ascent of Everest by the American team. By Thomas Hornbein. $25.
- ☐ THE WILD CASCADES: Forgotten Parkland. Glorious country, the Pacific Northwest. Rushing cataracts, wild forests, lakes, spectacular glaciers. America's greatest potential park. By Harvey Manning with lines from Theodore Roethke. Foreword by William O. Douglas. $20.
- ☐ NOT MAN APART: Lines from Robinson Jeffers, with photos of the Big Sur Coast by the West's greatest photographers. Foreword by Loren Eiseley. $25.
- ☐ GENTLE WILDERNESS: THE SIERRA NEVADA. Text from John Muir. Photos by Richard Kauffman. $25.
- ☐ TIME AND THE RIVER FLOWING: GRAND CANYON. "The most revealing single page of Earth's history," Grand Canyon is revealed as a museum of the history of the world. By François Leydet. $25.
- ☐ THE LAST REDWOODS. Tragic pictures, beautiful pictures, always eloquent. Portrays the opportunity to save enough of nature's tallest living things, standing since the age of the dinosaurs, to create a really significant redwood national park. By Philip Hyde and François Leydet. Foreword by Stewart Udall. $17.50.
- ☐ THIS IS THE AMERICAN EARTH: An extraordinarily beautiful book by Ansel Adams and Nancy Newhall, eloquent in text and image, of what the land has meant to man through the ages . . . one of the great statements in the history of conservation. $15.
- ☐ IN WILDNESS IS THE PRESERVATION OF THE WORLD. Eliot Porter's photographic interpretations of New England, with selections from Thoreau. $25.
- ☐ Check here for remaining titles in Exhibit Format Series, and other books and films.

Name_____

Address_____

City_____ State_____

Mail entire coupon to Sierra Club, Book Warehouse, Totowa, New Jersey, enclosing payment with your order.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED